THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 9—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society of NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY JANUARY 24th, 1928.

At one time people could get only bulk tea—tea exposed to air—flat flavour—Then came "SALADA"—sealed in metal—full-flavoured—fresh—delicious—dust-free—now people use "SALADA". Four grades—75c to $1.05 per lb.

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$5.00 Off Ordered Suits and Overcoats
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Men's and Boys' Wear
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Ralph Lawrence, late of the Village of Newburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the tenth day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.
7-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of William Edward McKay Lockeridge, late of the township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 17th day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE.
Solicitors for said Estate.
8-d

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

HOUSE TO RENT—On Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to V. COWLING. 8-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Herrington, Warner & Grange, Napanee, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of lot number eight (8) in the third concession of the said township of Ernestown, containing one hundred acres more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to Messrs Herrington, Warner & Grange, Barristers-at-law, Napanee, Ontario.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for the Mortgagee.
9-b

For January Investment Funds

We recommend a Selected List of High-grade Bonds and Preferred Stocks to yield from 5% to 7%

Write for our January Offering List.

R. A. DALY & Co.
BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING
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NOT A BAD IDEA !

Boring Young Man (holding forth so pretty girl): You know, I'm funny like that—always throw myself into anything I undertake.

Pretty Girl (sweetly): How splendid ! Why don't you dig a well ?—Missouri Outlaw.

THE WEEK IN OTTAWA

BY R. J. DEACHMAN.

The Capital of Canada looks out on the mildest of mild weather. We are in the middle of January, but there is very little frost. Members hiking down this way may leave heavy "undies" at home. Fresh fruits of the beautiful, when they do come, linger only an hour and are gone. There is a tragic note in a city snow fall. In the country, beauty lingers—here is perishes at once, trodden under the feet of men. Such is life. All things are evanescent. We seize the poppy, its bloom its sheds, the fresh egg is fresh for a day only, a Senatorship loses its kick when you have it for a lifetime, governments start to decay the moment the seats become warm. Whether it on the best authority that you can't catch a bird by putting salt on its tail and there are no bags of gold at the end of the rainbow. It's a sad life !

Three new Senators have been appointed. This leaves only six as the thin line standing between a Tory and a liberal majority in the Upper Chamber. If those with ambitions care to work it out, the task is easy. Take a copy of the Parliamentary Guide, examine the average age of those who hold the Senatorial Seats and wear the togs of the Mighty. Then, with statistical table, giving the mortality rates and by a little calculation, a simple matter of arithmetic, one may deduce in how many die in the year, when the tide will turn, and with more or less definiteness, the chance of entering in at the straight gate. Divide the result by two to make allowance for Party changes—eliminate yourself entirely if you are a Progressive. Only members of the two old political Parties are ever permitted to enter the Scarlet Chamber.

Our National responsibilities grow. We are to have an Ambassador to France. France will send one here. This follows the appointment of Mr. Massey last year to the United States. Far more than likely that similar action will be taken with Japan. On grounds of race friendship we are of course more closely related to France than we are to Japan. It was only natural that France would consider that our Pacific relationships are of growing importance, Canada's Western development should not be forgotten. It is only a few years since grain started moving outward by the Pacific route. Before the war, Vancouver had a magnificent harbor, but her shipping was negligible. Today it is the port of Canada's great hinterland. It seems hard to make the East realize this fact, but it must be driven home. There are millions to come to this country and the Pacific seems destined to be as important as the Atlantic from the standpoint of future development and National trade.

When Laurier came into power in 1896 our exports to Japan totalled $8,148,000. In 1914, the total was $1,587,000.00 — that was the high water mark at that time. Last year the total went over $34,600,000.00. The increase with China has been on a similar scale. With the other members of the Commonwealth, Australia and New Zealand, the development has also been rapid —true, the Pacific coast is coming into its own.

Nor need there be any jealousy so far as the East is concerned. This country is too big for that. The growth of one section of Canada does not hinder, it helps the other. There must be a billion dollars recognized as the needs of the Pacific Coast in every future session of the Canadian Parliament. Every effort should be made to cultivate good will with the Nations of the Pacific, out future depends on it—an Ambassador is a step in a good idea. There is work for him to do. It is work of vast importance.

* * *

Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, is in Canada. Immigration, the great task of Canada and the Empire, is under discussion. The problem of distribution of the world's population is quite a task. People do not flow naturally to the districts which most need population. The "3,000 family scheme," by which Great Britain loaned money to certain families to enable them to start in Canada, will probably be extended. These families receive certain aid by way of transportation and the Dominion Government gives them supervision to enable them to get started properly in the new conditions in which they find themselves. The prospects of securing settlers for Canada are improving. Strange thing, the general Canadian financial situation is better than it was. The greatest factor in getting new settlers, is the man who writes back home and sends a photo of his new place of abode. Then with improved conditions in the old land, the people are once more regaining their spirit of push and enterprise. Pioneering real hard work, one finds, is one of the great Britain—it will revive. The post-war depression was mental as well as financial. For the moment, it checks enterprise, but a new spirit will arise in the British people and their colonizing zeal will return.

Nor is there great need for tremendous haste upon our part. We are making a fair measure of progress. Every little while some one tells of the great development taking place in Australia and the work that country is doing in encouraging immigrants. The facts hardly verify the optimistic story. Official figures estimate a growth in Australia of approximately 2% a year. This includes natural increase as well as immigrants. The latter, in six years, accounted for a total of 221,000 or less than Canada absorbs in two years. A great many people have the idea that taxes will decrease with increase of population. That may be doubted. Are taxes in large cities lower than taxes in small cities ? Are total taxes lower in United States than in Canada ? There is no evidence that they are. Listening to the speeches of some of our statesmen and other statesmen, one might get the impression that numbers alone make a Nation and that size measures the capacity of a man.

* * *

Taking things all around, one may venture the suggestion that what Parliament needs this Session is more thought—less passion, more willingness to get to the bottom of things and less striving to make a point. We may get it too Speeches are to be shortened and with less time spent in speeches, there may be more left for thought.

CAMDEN EAST.

The play, "Deacon Dubbs," under the auspices of the Women's Institute, was very ably presented to a large audience on January 12th. The cast of characters were as follows:

Deacon Dubbs, from Sorghum Centre, West Virginia, Harold Huff; Amos Coleman, his nephew, a young lawyer, Stanley Allore; Rawdon Crawley, a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, Bert Sherry; Major McNutt, auctioneer and Justice of Peace, Kenneth Amey; Deuteronomy Jones, a race trainer, Russell Hugh Stewart; Rose Rawleigh, the brave little school ma'am, Mrs. C. Boulton; Miss Prudence Pepper, with her finger on the Deacon, Miss Jessie Hitchins; Emily Dale, the richest girl in town, Mrs. C. Wright; Prue Coleman, full of mischief, Miss Eileen MacCormick; Yennie Yensen, the hired girl from Sweden, Mrs. A. Salsbury.

Miss Frances Alkenbrack, of Lonsdale, spent the week-end at here home here.

Maxwell Saul, a native of Camden East, and son of R. W. Saul, was united in marriage to Miss Hilda Elliott, both of Napanee, in United Church at 10 a.m., January 14th at Minnedosa. His many friends extend congratulations.

Miss Marion Hawley, Kingston, spent the week-end with her mother, and brothers.

Mr. John McGarvey has returned to Port Colborne.

A variety shower was held in the Parish Hall on January 13th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Huff.

Rev. George Williams, missionary from Formosa, took charge of the service in the United Church on Sunday at 10 a.m. Mrs. J. W. Stewart is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Scott, at Bicknell's Corners.

The W. I. presented their play at Stoco on Monday evening last.

Roy McGill, Centreville, assessor, has made his annual calls.

HOPE FOR THE BRAINLESS.

Brains Were Not Essential in Struggle for Material Success.

Prof. Joseph Jastrow, head of the department of psychology at Wisconsin University, addressing the Institue of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University, declared that brains were not essential in the struggle for material success.

"Success is generally due to a combination of lucky circumstances and outside influence," said the professor. "One has to use only enough brains to keep one from standing in the way of success.

"We have greatly over-emphasized the value of intelligence in business and in the other affairs of everyday life. Many have achieved success without undue display of mental activity.

"We read 'success magazines,' hoping to find the way to win our own fortunes. We do not gain a great deal of help, but we read about fortunate individuals who have invested blindly and become rich overnight; and find that they are only ordinary dull folks after all. Good brains, as a matter of fact, are not common.

"Older people spend a considerable time criticizing the younger generation, forgetting what went on in their own minds when they were children. Young people should not be expected to be stupidly rational all the time. All people must blow off a little steam now and then, and the son and daughter have more excess steam than the father and mother."

Grain Shipments From Vancouver.

Grain shipments from the Port of Vancouver for the crop year August 1st to December 15th, 1927, totalled 14,742,746 bushels against 8,563,980 for the corresponding period of 1926, according to a statement of the Vancouver Board of Harbor Commissioners and the Merchants' Exchange.

Girl Guides Pays Increased.

There are now 572,000 Girl Guides in the world, about two in every three being British.

A. C. TUMMON WARDEN

At the inaugural meeting of the County Council on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. A. C. Tummon, Reeve of the Township of Richmond, was elected to that much coveted position, the Warden of the County of Lennox and Addington for the year 1928. Warden Tummon is a highly respected citizen of the Village of Selby and his elevation to the Warden's chair in the County Council will meet with the hearty approval of his many friends, not only in the Township of Richmond, but throughout the whole county.

WHY CANADIANS SHOULD BURN CANADIAN COAL

(This is the second of a special series of three articles on "Why Canadians Should Burn Canadian Coal" to be read by students in all parts of the province are now studying the question in order to enter in the Produced-in-Canada Committee's Essay Contest. The material in these three articles will be of very great value to local students writing on the subject.)

Fifty-two million dollars is the bill which we, in Ontario, pay every year for the coal we buy from the United States to heat our homes. This includes the cost of the coal and the freight-charges to bring it up here.

This huge sum of money goes out of Canada every year and very little of it ever comes back.

If it were possible for Ontario to substitute our own Alberta domestic fuel for that which we now buy from our neighbors, what this money would, of course, stay in Canada.

Undoubtedly, it would have a very important effect on the country's prosperity. The money which goes to pay for a ton of coal is split up in a dozen different ways. Part of it would go to the dealer who sold it and he, in turn, would divide up his share for wages and similar items. Part of it would go to the railroads to pay the freight charges in bringing it from the mines. This, too, would be divided up in a great many ways and a large part of this share would be used to pay railroad men's wages along the entire line over which the coal was hauled. Finally, part of it would go to the miners in Alberta from which it was originally bought.

If the 52 million money which Ontario people used to buy Canadian coal would be spread out all over the dominion in a very short time. It would be kept in circulation and add an important sum to the amount of money in general circulation.

There is another very important thing to consider just at this point. The people of the West have a great deal of their manufactured goods from Ontario and the east. If they had more money, they would buy more goods. And if Ontario bought western coal, they would have more money in the west to buy Ontario goods.

When we pay $52,000,000 a year as a result of our coal bills, it means much more than simply sending that huge sum of money to a neighboring country. If we bought coal from an operator in Alberta, it would be in general circulation.

Economists have figured that, on an average, a dollar changes hands about seven times a year. You spend it and the man to whom you paid it, spends it again. It goes to someone else and he spends it. Here is another endless chain, as a matter of fact.

So that if that $52,000,000 which we pay every year for coal and freight, had stayed in Canada, it would be spent ten times during a year. In other words, the total amount of money which circulated in Canada during the year would be $520,000,000 more than it now does if we had imported our fuel.

There are only approximately nine-and-a-half million persons in Canada. By simple arithmetic we see that every man, woman and child in Canada spends, on the average, about $54.62 less in a year than he or she would have spent if Ontario bought and burned Canadian coal.

This is another very interesting way to look at it. Suppose that Ontario bought one million tons of coal from Alberta in a year. I think we suppose that the average cost is ten dollars a ton, that means ten million dollars.

This is ten million dollars of new business in Canada. That would mean $1,500-a-year jobs for 6,666 more men in this country.

Let us see what would happen to the money these men would earn. Suppose that the economists are exaggerating when they say that a dollar would turn over ten times in a year—and it is more unlikely that they are overrating it. But let us be very conservative and say that it only changes hands three times.

Then, as a result of these 6,666 new jobs, there would be twice that many more men needed in Canadian industries and in agriculture to supply the things this first group would need. That is, one million tons of coal would mean 19,998 new jobs.

But a million tons of domestic coal is only a quarter of the amount we consume Canada uses every year. So that if we bought our entire supply at home, it would mean jobs for almost 80,000 men.

Statisticians tell us that the average family in Canada is four persons. That would mean, as far as this discussion is concerned, that every one of these new jobs would stand for a new family of four people.

In other words, if we bought our coal in Canada, we would be building a city of 320,000 people in this country. If all the results were confined to one spot, that is exactly what it would mean.

But, instead of our spending our coal out of Canada, on the other hand, we are building up this city somewhere else and taking the money away from our own development.

(The third article in this series will give some additional answers to the question, "Why Canadians Should Burn Canadian Coal ?")

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

WILTON.

Mrs. Charlie Connors is on the sick list. All wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Sperry Shibley is visiting Mrs. Roy Hartman, Odessa.

A kitchen shower was held on Wednesday night at Mr. J. Huff's home, for Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Huff, who were recently married. A large crowd attended and the presents were beautiful and numerous. Games were played and lunch was served at midnight. All went home wishing the bride and groom a very happy future.

The Presbyterians are busy practicing for their play, which is to be held in the near future.

Miss A. Fulton spent last week-end at her home in Belleville.

TAMWORTH.

After a couple of days of cold weather it has moderated. We have about five inches of snow, which makes good sleighing and wheeling.

The Women's Institute held a progressive euchre party in the town hall on Monday evening last, Mrs. Allen Carscallen and Mr. William Smith winning the prizes. Quite a sum was realized in spite of the bad weather.

A highly-respected resident passed away Saturday morning in the person of Mrs. Kennedy. The funeral service was held Monday afternoon by a former minister, Rev. Mr. Foster, of Lyndhurst, assister Rev. Mr. Morgan.

A number attended the dance in Mathbank recently.

Miss Mildred Storrings spent last week-end with Miss Isabella Fisher at Moscow.

Miss Louise Hannah and Miss Reta Drew, of Kingston, spent last week-end at home.

ODESSA.

Mrs. Sidney Sproule entertained a number of friends on Friday evening last, as a farewell party for Clark Dixon, who left on Saturday last to take position on the Royal Bank staff at Belleville. Mr. Dixon has been a member of the Royal Bank here for four years and is highly esteemed and respected by all his acquaintances, who regret very much his leaving, but all of whom rejoice at his promotion. The Sproule home was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

Moore Warkworth has joined the Royal Bank staff at Odessa.

Dr. Alexander Clark, of Kingston, spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clark.

Peter Graham, Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. T. C. Graham, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Smith and family ,Parrott's Bay, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark and son, Alexander, spent last week-end with friends in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Toplif spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Robertson, Violet.

Miss Geraldine Fraser is recovering from an operation for appendicitis in the Kingston General Hospital.

ODESSA MISSION CIRCLE.

The monthly meeting of the Mission Circle was held at the home of Mrs. Courtland Snider, the vice-president, on Tuesday, January 10th, with the President, Mrs. Roy Hartman, presiding.

Previous to the meeting it was learned of the departure of two of our members, namely Miss Helen Sproule and Mr. Clark Dixon, both coming for work as teacher at Sharp's Corner, and Clark being transferred to the Royal Bank of Canada at Belleville. The Circle presented each with a small remembrance. The address was read by Reta Hagerman, and the latter, presented by Thora Emberley and Albert Dawson.

Dear Helen and Clark,—Since learning of your departure, we, your friends of the Odessa Mission Circle, feel it our duty to express in some way our appreciation. In the past years we have found always in both of you willing and active workers in our Circle, and sincerely regret our loss. However, our loss is your gain. We wish you every success in the new year, and hope you will make a host of friends in your respective places.

We now ask you to accept these small gifts as a remembrance of your Odessa friends.

Signed on behalf of the Mission Circle.

January 13th, 1928.

Helen and Clarke responded in a few well chosen words, thanking the Mission Circle for their kindness.

The meeting was called to order and the remainder of the programme was given, which included a violin solo by Thora Emberley. The Scripture reading was then read by Mrs. J. Dawson, a solo by Maude Cairns, followed by a reading by Dorothy Hogle. An instrumental duet was rendered by Mrs. Cairns and Doris. The study book chapter followed, being read by Reta Hagerman. The meeting closed after several selections before closing. Lunch was then served and games were played for a short time.

It was decided that the next meeting be held in the Sunday school room, followed by a Valentine social on Friday evening, February 10th.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

"Why are you running a steam roller over that field ?" asked the stranger.

"I'm trying to raise mashed potatoes," explained the farmer—Lehigh Burr.

Poultry Wanted.
Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.
THE M. B. MILLS CO.

THE MAGIC PALACE.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson.

Have I read in olden story, or in verses quaint and rare,
Or it is a magic picture of "a castle in the air ?"
But I see a wonderful Palace with its parks and woodlands wide,
And its swiftly running torrents, leaping down the mountain side

There the sea yields up her treasures, there the earth her hidden store,
There the Loom of Time is weaving magic beauty evermore ;
In this Palace quaint and olden, in this Palace rich and rare,
Gems of Art lie piled and buried, Gems of song float everywhere.

Whispered music, floating echoes from rare souls that lived of yore,
Whispers to the whispering forest, and murmurs back the torrent's roar ;
And 'tis said the great departed, who for Right and Truth have died,
Lives again within this Palace, walks again this mountain side.

They could enter there at sunrise ; they could stay but for a day,
Nothing took they when they entered ; nothing could they take away.

They must leave each costly treasure, they must leave each hoarded store ;
And pass through the Western gateway, there to enter never more.

They could carry nothing with them when upon their homeward way,
But the knowledge they had gathered and the good they did that day.

But they massed their treasures 'round them, 'till no olden prison tower
Could have hid them deeper, darker, than their fancied wealth and power.

And only a few remembered that the night would not delay ;
They must go from that fair Palace again at the close of day.
And their deeds of gentle forbearance, and the fairness with which they strove,
Was God's key to greater treasures in His Holy life above

515 Gladstone Ave., Toronto 4.

Cross Cut Saws and Axes.
Also circular wood cutting saws, 30 inches in diameter.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CENTREVILLE.

We are enjoying good sleighing here now.

The sale at Mr. Dale McGill's on Thursday last was well attended. Everything sold well, especially the cattle.

The club meeting held in the Town Hall here on the 17th inst. was attended by nearly all the patrons and stockholders. Nearly all the old officers were re-elected for the coming year.

Farmers are all busy cutting and drawing wood since the last snow came.

Harry Doupe is at work with his sawing machine.

Misses Cavanaugh and Bert McGill are pressing hay north of Erinsville.

Miss Lefa Hudson, who underwent an operation at the Kingston General Hospital some days ago, is gaining but slowly.

A number of children and others are suffering with severe colds.

Mr. Frank Thompson, Kingston, paid a visit to the village last week.

Our new cheese maker, Mr. Runnals, of Bead, will not move here until near spring.

CROYDON.

Owing to the scarcity of snow farmers have up to the present time, been unable to do any teaming, such as getting out wood.

The funeral of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Shier was held at their home on Monday afternoon last, conducted by Rev. Mr. Blanchard and Rev. Moors, of Roblin.

Miss Chapple and Miss Chittick have been holding religious meetings in the Community Hall during the past ten days.

The school children have been enjoying their hot lunches at noon which are being managed by the teacher, Miss Helen Amey.

The meeting of the Women's Institute at Mrs. W. Haggerty's on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, was not well attended, owing to so much sickness.

We are glad to see Mrs. Ross McGregor and son, Victor, also Donald Close able to be out again after undergoing similar operations in the General Hospital, Kingston.

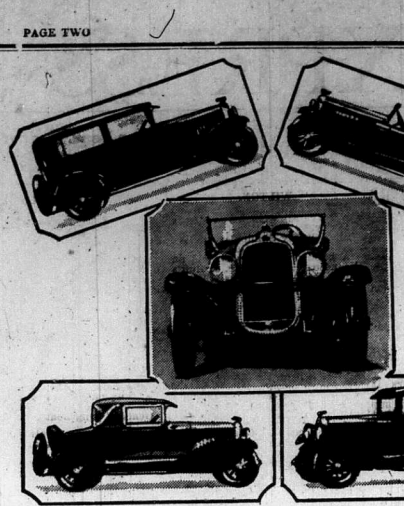
Mrs. W. B. Close received word that her brother-in-law Mr. Duncan Paul, of Hartney, Man., was seriously hurt on Jan. 3rd, having fallen 40 feet. But at time of writing he is past danger and is doing as well as can be expected.

Mrs. Will Galbraith has returned home after spending a couple of weeks with her son, Mr. Arthur Galbraith, Kingston.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE MEMBERS OF THE NAPANEE Golf and Country Club will hold a St. Valentine's dance in the Paisley House on the evening of February 13th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf



The past year has been an extremely successful one for the Pontiac six, and the fruits of this success are seen in the new series Pontiac, announced this week, which incorporates numerous improvements and refinements at no increase in price. The four models illustrated above indicate the graceful lines of the new car. At the upper left is the two-door sedan and at the upper right the rakish new sport roadster, with its convenient folding seat. A head-on view of the roadster, showing the deep, narrow radiator and two of the four-wheel brakes, appears in the centre panel. At the lower left is the beautiful cabriolet and to its right the new four-door sedan.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,

(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

THE GROWING FAME OF JESUS

Sunday, Jan. 29 : Mark 3 : 7-12 ; 6 : 53-56.

Golden Text: The common people heard Him gladly. (Mark 12 ; 37).

Was "the growing fame of Jesus" something that He welcomed, or was it a hindrance ? It might seem to be the very thing He would most desire. On the other hand, He seemed continually to try to prevent it. Why ?

Let us look back over the few chapters we have had in Mark's Gospel.

When a demon-possessed man in the Capernaum synagogue cried out to the Lord Jesus before the entire congregation : "I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God" (Mark 1 : 24), the Lord commanded him, "Hold thy peace." Was this merely because it was the testimony of an evil spirit, or was it because Christ did not wish publicity given to the fact of His identity ?

At the Sabbath day of healing multitudes in Capernaum, so that "all the city was gathered together," the next morning the Lord withdrew to a solitary place; and when His disciples found Him and said to Him, "All men seek for Thee," His reply was, "Let us go into the next towns" (1 : 38). Why did not the Lord take advantage of the immense publicity He had in Capernaum ?

When He had healed a leper by His miracle touch, at once He sent him away, not letting him remain with Him, and He commanded : "See thou say nothing to any man." The leper disobeyed Him, and began to publish it much and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places ; and they came to Him from every quarter" (1 : 45). Why the command to the leper ?

A little later, "Jesus withdrew Himself with His disciples to the sea : and a great multitude from Galilee followed Him, and from Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumaea, and from beyond Jordan ; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude" (3 : 7-8). Yet when He had healed many of these, and "unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God," again the Lord "straitly charged them that they should not make Him known" (3 : 12).

And so we find it on through the entire Gospel. When He raised the daughter of Jarius "He charged them straitly that no man should know it" (5 : 43).

It would seem that "the growing fame of Jesus" was a barrier rather than a help to that which He wanted to accomplish. He was indeed ready, with lavish grace and power, to help all who came to Him. He healed all ; there was no limit to His power or His love. But a ministry of bodily healing was not His chief purpose at this time in coming from Heaven to earth. His supreme purpose, the great and sole objective of His incarnation, was His death. This was neither an accident nor an incident in Christ's earthly experience. It was more than permitted ; it was determined and ordained by God.

When Moses and Elijah appeared with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration they talked of "His decrease which He should ACCOMPLISH at Jerusalem" (Luke 9 : 31). On the day of Pentecost Peter told the convicted multitude that Christ had been "delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God" (Acts 2 : 23). And Christ knew that there were but few men and women who could receive Him and believe on Him as the Son of God during His ministry on earth.

He did not want the superficial enthusiasm and hero-worship of a great popular following. He was not for the crowds; for He knew "mob psychology" and its emptiness. He was looking for the few individuals, here and there, whom He could call one by one into His personal discipleship. The apostles were handpicked ; guardedly He disclosed His identity to such as the woman at the well of Samaria, Mary and Martha, Nicodemus, and other few. Tremendous publicity concerning His true Person and ministry was in the nautre of casting pearls before swine, a mistake that He warned His disciples against (Matt. 7 : 6).

The other side of the case is that, after the death and resurrection of our Lord, and after the Holy Spirit had come upon the few believers in power on the Day of Pentecost, then undoubtedly many of those multitudes who had had a mistaken, superficial interest in Jesus were reached by the preaching of the apostles and by the individual soul-winning of individual believers. But we know that our Lord never made any mistake ; and when He avoided publicity and commanded those who knew Him not to disclose His identity, He was doing that which best served His real mission at the time. We may be sure that there was loss, and not gain, when men disobeyed Him, and mistakenly "began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter."

It was from the common people rather than among the "intelligentgentsia," that most of our Lord's true followers came. It is good to read in the Golden Text that "the common people hear Him gladly." They are more likely to have a sense of need than those who, by reason of riches or culture, are liable to be self satisfied. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble, are called ; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (I. Cor. 1 : 26, 27). Yet, as some one has said, we may well be thankful that this Scripture does not say "not any" but "not many." Nicodemus and the Apostle Paul were among the "not many wise men" who were called and who answered.

THE WINTER COST OF EGG PRODUCTION

(Experimental Farms Note)

The cost of the eggs produced during the four winter months is a factor worth considering, when cash returns are the main objective and we take it that all poultry raisers have that objective in mind.

The importance of this is best demonstrated by taking two of the pens with the highest winter production, and comparing them with the two pens with the highest winter production, making a total of twenty-four birds in each lot. Lot 1 (low pens) laid 121 eggs at a total feed cost of $19 or $1.88 per dozen. The market value was $6, showing a loss on feed cost of $13 or over 54 cents per bird. Lot 2 laid 1131 eggs at a feed cost of $21.97 or 23.3 cents per dozen. The market value of these eggs was $56.08, realizing a labour and investment return over feed cost of $34.11 or $1.42 per bird. Lot 2 consumed only 83.97 worth more feed than Lot 1, but they gave $50 more returns for feed consumed.

From the preceding figures, one is certainly impressed with the importance of getting the pullets hatched early and having them well-matured by the last of October or first of November for it is during the winter months that one receives the best price for eggs. Moreover, if one can secure a profit over feed cost during the four winter months such as is shown from Lot 2, namely $1.42 per bird, satisfactory returns from the plant are fairly well assured. But on the other hand, if the eggs are costing from $1.88 to $2 per dozen to produce during the winter months with a market value of only 65 cents, it will take many dozen during the summer months to overcome this handicap.

In comparing the quantities of the different kinds of feed and cost eaten by each lot it was very interesting to note that there was very little difference in the quantities consumed of grain, milk, grit or green feed or beef scrap fed in hoppers, but Lot 2 (the heavy producers) consumed twice the quantity of dry mash and shell that Lot 1 consumed. Of course Lot 2 would require considerably more beef scrap than Lot 1, from the dry mash but so far as the hopper feeding was concerned, there was practically no difference.

To keep the winter cost at a minimum raise bred-to-lay stock, have the pullets hatched as early as possible, have them properly matured by the first of November, then feed them properly during the winter. With grain fed twice daily in litter, dry mash in hoppers, a plentiful supply of grit, oyster shells, green feed and fresh water (with the chill taken off) the pullets will make satisfactory returns.

WINTER FEEDING OF BEEF CATTLE

(Experimental Farms Note)

Experiments have been conducted at the Lennoxville Experimental Farm for the past five years, with standard recleaned elevator screenings versus different meal mixtures as a grain feed for the winter feeding of beef steers. The average results, for the past five years are as follows:

The lots fed screenings cost $2.06 cents per pound of gain, while those fed meal mixtures cost 13.33 cents per pound of gain. All meals were fed in conjunction with ten-pounds of hay and thirty pounds of good silage per day per steer. The cheaper cost per pound gain with screenings is due to the fact that screenings have been available at a lower price than other grain feeds, the difference being even greater five years ago, than it is at present. The reason for this is that farmers are beginning to appreciate the value of good screenings for beef and pork production, and for that reason the price is advancing to nearer the level of other feeds.

The most satisfactory way that we have found of buying screenings, is to purchase them unground and have them ground locally. There have been on the market grades of ground screenings which have not given the satisfactory results that unground screenings have. We feel that under certain conditions in the Eastern Townships, especially in years when there is an abundant supply of hay and other roughages, that these screenings can be marketed for a fair value by feeding to steers, and at the same time keep up the fertility of the farm.

WHOLE MILK VS. SKIM MILK AND SUBSTITUTES FOR CALVES

(Experimental Farms Nqte)

Calves must be well started—It is a well-known fact that the very best possible start must be given to the youngsters. To secure information on the cost of rearing calves a feeding experiment was conducted with 38 calves at the Cap Rouge Experimental Station.

Experiment—The project consisted in feeding three lots of calves on different feeds until they were 24 weeks old : one lot received whole milk ; the second, skim-milk and a home-made meal consisting of six parts corn, three parts oats, one and a half part flax seed, by weight, the ground together ; the third lot received Royal Purple calf meal, a well known commercial article. Besides these feeds the youngsters had all the clover hay, swede turnips, and corn silage which they would clean up. The feed, both liquid and solid, was weighed to the last pound, and the calves were put on the scales at birth, at four, eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty and twenty-four weeks.

Results—Calculating feeds at certain prices of the summer of 1925 (whole milk $2, skim milk 20 cents, Royal Purple meal $5, home-mixed meal $2.17, other concentrates $1.72 per 100 lbs., clover hay $9, corn silage $3, swede turnips $1.80 per ton) it cost for feed, until the calves were 24 weeks old, an average of $49.03 for each one raised on whole milk, while the lots were respectively $15.99 for each fed on the Royal Purple meal, and $12.53 for each fed on the home-mixed meal. The cost per pound of gain was respectively 20.7 cents for whole milk, 7.4 cents for Royal Purple meal, and 6.26 for home-mixed meal.

Suggestions—Whole milk after the first two or three weeks is completely out of the question, from the point of view of economy, as a feed for calves, and a good home-mixed meal is just as satisfactory and cheaper than Royal Purple meal.

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ROBT. LIGHT.

PAVE JASPER PARK MOTOR ROAD WITH BITUMINOUS SANDS

PRACTICAL TEST OF TAR SANDS MADE THROUGH CO-OPERATION OF DEPARTMENTS OF THE INTERIOR AND MINES.

Montreal, January 20th.—The commercial utilization of the tar sand deposits of the McMurray area has been materially advanced by the surfacing with this natural asphalt of roadways and walks in Jasper National Park, Alberta. This practical test—the first on a commercial scale—was made possible by the cooperation of the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior and the Mines Branch of the Department of Mines.

The section of road surfaced extends from Jasper townsite to Jasper Park Lodge, the tourist hotel of the Canadian National Railways, a distance of nearly 2¾ miles. Traffic is fairly heavy and is equivalent to at least 500 motor vehicles per day. Climatic conditions are marked by wide range in temperature and are therebore typical of conditions which prevail in Western Canada. The bituminous sand mixture was laid directly on the old gravel road which was equivalent to a fairly good macadam. The thickness of wearing service is approximately two inches.

Following the completion of the highway itself, a considerable additional yardage was laid at the request of officials of the Canadian National Railways. This included the approaches to the Jasper Park Lodge garage, and walks and roadways communicating with the various bungalows connected with the Lodge. The total area laid was equivalent to 40,000 approximately square yards of 2-inch compacted surface. This work was begun in 1926 and finished in the summer of 1927 so that part of the pavement has been in use for over a year.

In carrying out its part of the work the Mines Branch opened up a quarry at McMurray, looked after the transportation of material, and operated a heating and mixing plant for the manipulation of the sand. At the quarry, the overburden, consisting of 12 o .15 feet of loose material, was first removed and the bituminous sand itself was then readily broken down by the use of slow explosives. The material was loaded on barges and towed up Clearwater river to the terminus of the Alberta and Great Waterways railway, at Waterhen ; loaded by hand into narrow cars, and conveyed over a trestle to the railway siding, where it was dumped directly on the decks of the freight cars.

The heating and mixing of the sand for road surfacing presented no difficulty although the plant constructed and operated at Jasper represented a radical departure from generally accepted methods. Its outstanding features were the low cost of construction, simplicity of operations, and low operating costs.

The behaviour of the pavements laid in Jasper Park and the success of several small test pieces put down in the city of Edmonton in 1915 make it clear that Alberta bituminous sand can be used for the construction of the highest class of asphalt wearing surfaces so that it will be the matter of cost which will determine the extent to which this paving material may be used in the West. It is, therefore, interesting to know that the cost of mining, shipping and laying the pavements at Jasper compare favorably with those for which pavements of imported asphalt are laid in Edmonton and other cities in Alberta. Mining and shipping of the sand were carried out under great difficulties owing to the absence of adequate rail transportation, while the mixing plant was deficient in labor-saving equipment. It is therefore reasonable to assume that with more adequate transportation and a mechanically perfected mixing plant of larger capacity, costs can be materially reduced.

The work in Jasper Park marks an epoch in the investigating of these sands which has been in progress for a number of years by the Department of Mines, under the direction of Mr. S. C. Ells. From what has been done it is realized that the bituminous sands constitute one of the greatest natural resources of Canada.

Ontario's Tourist Traffic.

Tourist traffic last year is brought $80,000,000 into Ontario, or while $500,000 is declared to have found its way directly into the pockets of industry as the contribution of the visitors under the heading of provincial taxes according to a provincial compilation. The tourists are credited with paying $299,648 during the past summer under the three costs each motion tax, $40,000 for their transient liquor permits, $80,600 for hunting licenses and $172,327 for fishing licenses. This expenditure by tourists indicates an increase of 37.5 per cent. compared with 1926.

New Life Insurance.

Last year the new life insurance paid for in cash in Canada alone amounted to nearly a billion dollars. Ten years ago the total business in force in Canada of all companies doing business in Canada was $1,585,642,565; and this was the total accumulation after eighty years of activity. Thus, one year's business now amounts to two-thirds of the total in force ten years ago.

Mechanical Ears.

So delicate are the "mechanical ears" perfected by scientists to detect sound waves in the air, that a gun fired on the east coast of England was "heard" at Birmingham University, more than 125 miles away. The sound was not heard by human ears, but was detected by the recording instruments.

Alberta's Coal Production.

Alberta's coal production for 1927 amounted to about 7,000,000 tons.

Birthday or anniversary greetings —by telephone

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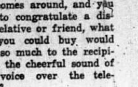

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A Great Dog Town.

The greatest dog town in Great Britain, if not in the world, is Haverfordwest. There are a great many men in the town who live wholly and make a good living by breeding, buying and selling dogs. Although the population is only 6,000, at least 6,000 dog licenses are issued annually, and there are also a large number of exemptions. Almost daily there are more dogs than people in the public streets, though valuable animals are never allowed to run loose. Haverfordwest dog breeders are known for their working terriers, show terriers, pointers, setters and spaniels, which are daily traded for big sums through the fanciers' journals and go everywhere. It is the home of the Sealyham breed of terriers, the origin of which has puzzled the keenest sportsmen. One fancier's kennel recently sold by auction realized £200, but £250 is not an unusual price for a single dog, while £50, £70 and £80 are almost common. The quaint old town, with its mixed Welsh, English and Flemish population, is almost the hub of the dogs' universe.—Fur News.

Never tell a man that he has made a fool of himself. If he knows it he will get angry, and he will get angry also if he doesn't know it.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

Girls of Tender Years Are Still Sold as Brides.

In spite of the advance of civilization girls of tender years are still sold as brides among the lower classes of India, writes an Indian barrister in the London Daily Mail.

Among those who live by manual labor, a daughter is as useful as a son, and the parents still expect the bridegroom to compensate them for the loss of her labor.

Among the Hindus marriage is universal. All Hindus strive to marry off their daughters young, and strange devices are often resorted to in order to comply with the letter of the strict Hindu religious laws. Failing to secure an eligible husband a girl is made to go through a mock-marriage with an arrow, a flower, or a tree, the real marriage being performed later when a suitable husband is available.

Marriage by purchase and marriage by exchange are common throughout India, and it is noteworthy that marriage by capture is not yet extinct. Even under the British Government it is practiced among the Meemas, a robber tribe of Central India, and among the Gonds of Berar, not as a symbol but as a matter of real earnest—as real as any other form of robbery.

Manu, the great Hindu law reformer, thus describes such marriages: "The seizure of a maiden by force from her house, while she weeps and calls for assistance, after her kinsmen and friends have been slain in battle or wounded, and their houses broken open, is the marriage styled rakshasa."

In several parts of India infant marriages are customary, the majority of girls being married between the ages of 10 and 15. When there is a shortage of women girls are sold, the price varying according to the maturity of the bride. A girl aged eight can be had for nothing, but afterward the price payable is 100 rupees (about $35) for each year of the girl's age—that is, 900 rupees for a girl of nine and 1,000 rupees for a girl of 10, and so on. Everywhere the girl is looked upon as a valuable asset.

FINE ART COLLECTION.

Lord Iveagh Left Splendid Pictures for Benefit of the Public.

Lord Iveagh, who died on October 7th last, left a collection of pictures to the British nation valued at £300,000, one of the richest art bequests of recent years. The pictures are to be on view in the Bridgement mansion at Ken Wood and will be available to the public at all times.

In former years there used to be opportunities to see some masterpiece when they were on loan to the winter exhibitions at Burlington House, but more recently they have been jealously guarded from general view. Now, however, the people may see the Iveagh collection without restriction.

The collection includes the celebrated Rembrandt "Self-Portrait," which shows the artist wearing a white cap and with brushes and palette in his hands. There is the Vandyck full-length portrait of Henrietta de Lorraine; Gainsborough's "William Pitt," which shows the statesman as first Lord of the Treasury; a Raeburn of Sir George Sinclair as a boy, and a Reynolds, "Lady Mary Leslie," with a Lamb."

One of the treasures of the collection is Crome's "Yarmouth Water Frolic," and there are also some fine specimens of the Spanish and Italian schools.

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CAVANAGH
FOREST RANGER
BY HAMLIN GARLAND

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"Are you sure he's been here?"

"Yes. He came in, got some letters at the postoffice and then rode away"— Her voice broke as her disappointment and grief overcame her.

Lize struggled to a sitting position. "There's some mistake about this, Ross Cavanagh never was the whiffling kind of man. You've got to remember he's on duty. Probably the letter was some order that carried him right back to his work."

"But if he had really cared he could have ridden by to say just a word. But he didn't. He went away without a sign after promising to come." She buried her face in the coverlet of her mother's bed and wept in childish grief and despair.

Lize was forced to acknowledge that the ranger's action was inexplicable, but she did her best to make light of it. "He may have hurried to town on some errand and hadn't a moment to spare. These are exciting days for him, remember. He'll be in tomorrow sure."

With a faint hope of this the girl rose and went about her daily tasks, but the day passed and another without word or sign of the repentant lover, and each day brought a deeper sense of loss, but her pride would not permit her to show her grief.

Young Gregg, without knowing in the least the cause of her troubled face, took this occasion to offer comfort. His manner toward her had changed since she no longer had a part in the management of the eating house, and for that reason she did not repulse him as sharply as she had been wont to do. He really bore Cavanagh no ill will and was, indeed, shrewd enough to understand that Lize admired the ranger and that his own courtship was rather hopeless. Nevertheless he persisted, his respect for her growing as he found her steadfast in her refusal to permit any familiarity.

"See here, Miss Virginia," he cried as she was passing him in the hall, "I can see you're worried about Lize—I mean your mother—and if I can be of any use I hope you'll call on me." As she thanked him without enthusiasm he added, "How is she tonight?"

"I think she's better."

"Can I see her?"

His tone was so earnest that the girl was moved to say, "I'll ask her."

"I wish you would. I want to say something to her."

Lize's voice reached where they stood. "Come in, Joe; the door's open."

He accepted her invitation rather awkwardly, but his face was impassive as he looked down upon her.

"Well, how's about it?" she asked. "What's doing in the town?"

"Not much of anything except talk. The whole country is buzzing over this dismissal of the chief forester."

"They'd better be doing something about that murder."

"They are. They're going up there in streams to see where the work was done. The coroner's inquest was held yesterday." He grinned. "Parties came to their death by persons unknown."

Lize scowled. "It's a wonder they don't charge it up to Ross Cavanagh of some other ranger."

"That would be a little too raw, even for this country. They're all feeling gay over this change in the forestry head. But, see here, don't you want to get out for a ride? I've got my new machine out here. It rides like silk."

"I reckon a hearse is about my kind," she replied darkly. "If you could take me up to Cavanagh's cabin I'd go," she added. "I want to see him."

"I can take you part way," he instantly declared. "But you'd have to ride a horse the last ten miles."

"Couldn't do it, Joe," she sighed. "These last few days I've been about as boneless as an eel. Funny the way a fellow keeps going when he's got something to do that has to be done. I'll tell you what, if you want to take me and Lee up to Sulphur I'll go you."

"Sure thing. What day?"

"Not for a day or two. I'm not quite up to it just now, but by Saturday I'll be saddlewise again."

Joe turned joyously to Lee. "That will be great! Won't you come out for a spin this minute?"

For a moment Lee was tempted. Anything to get away from this horrible little den and the people who infested it was her feeling, but she distrusted Gregg, and she knew that every eye in the town would be upon her if she went, and, besides, Ross might return while she was away. "No; not today," she replied finally, but her voice was gentler than it had ever been to him.

The young fellow was moved to explain his position to Lize. "You don't think much of me, and I don't blame you. I haven't been much use so far, but I'm going to reform. If I had a girl like Lee Virginia to live up to I'd make a great citizen. I don't lay my arrest up against Cavanagh. I'm ready to pass that by. And as for this other business—this free range war in which the old man is mixed up—I want you to know that I'm against it. Dad knows his day is short; that's what makes him so hot. But he's a bluff—just a fussy old bluff. He knows he has no more right to the government grass than anybody else, but he's going to get ahead of the cattlemen if he can."

"Does he know who burned them sheep herders?"

"Of course he knows, but ain't going to say so. You see, that old Basque who was killed was a monopolist too. He went after that grass without asking anybody's leave. Moreover, he belonged to that Mexican dago outfit that everybody hates. The old man isn't crying over that job; it's money in his pocket. All the same, it's too good a chance to put the hooks into the cattlemen; hence his offering a reward, and it looks as if something would really be done this time. They say Neill Ballard was mixed up in it and that old guy that showed me the sheep. But I don't take much stock in that. Whoever did it was paid by the cattlemen, sure thing." The young fellow's tone and bearing made a favorable impression upon Lize. She had never seen this side of him, for the reason that he had hitherto treated her as a bartender. She was acute enough to understand that her social status had changed along with her release from the cash register, and she was slightly more reconciled, although she could not see her way to providing a living for herself and Lee. For all these reasons she was unwontedly civil to Joe and sent him away highly elated with the success of his interview.

"I'm going to let him take us up to Sulphur," she said to Lee. "I want to go to town."

Lee was silent, but a keen pang ran through her heart, for she perceived in this remark by her mother a tacit acknowledgment of Ross Cavanagh's desertion of them both. His invitation to them to come and camp with him was only a polite momentary impulse. "I'm ready to go," she announced at last. "I'm tired of this place. Let us go tomorrow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CALL FOR HELP.

ON the following morning, while they were busy packing for the journey to Sulphur, Redfield rolled up to the door in company with a young man in the uniform of a forester.

"Go ask Reddy to come in," commanded Lize. "I want to see him."

Redfield met the girl at the door and presented his companion as "Mr. Dalton, district forester." Dalton was a tall young fellow with a marked southern accent. "Is Cavanagh, the ranger, in town?" he asked.

"No," Lee replied, with effort; "he was here a few days ago, but he's gone back to the forest."

Redfield studied the girl with keen gaze, perceiving a passionate restraint in her face.

"How is your mother?" he asked politely.

Lee smiled faintly. "She's able to sit up. Won't you come in and see her?"

"With pleasure," assented Redfield, "but I want to see you alone. I have something to say to you." He turned to his superior. "Just go into the cafe, Dalton. I'll see you in a moment."

Lee Virginia, hitherto ashamed of the house, the furniture, the bed—everything—led the way without a word of apology. It was all detached now—something about to be left behind, like a bad garment borrowed in a time of stress. Nothing mattered since Ross did not return.

Lize, looking unwontedly refined and gentle, was sitting in a big rocking chair with her feet on a stool, her eyes fixed on the mountains, which showed through the open window. All the morning a sense of profound change, of something passing, had oppressed her. Now that she was about to leave the valley its charm appealed to her. She was tearing up a multitude of tiny roots of whose existence she had hitherto remained unaware. "I belong here," she acknowledged silently. "I'd be homesick anywhere else on God's earth. It's rough and hard and all that, but so am I. I wouldn't fit in anywhere that Lee belonged."

She acknowledged an especial liking for Redfield, and she had penetration enough, wordly wise enough, to feel that Lee belonged more to his world than to her own and that his guidance and friendship were worth more, much more, than that of all the rest of the country, her own included. Therefore she said: "I'm mighty glad to see you, Reddy. Sit down. You've got to hear my little spiel this time."

Redfield, perched on the edge of a tawdry chair, looked about like the charity visitor in a slum kitchen without intending to express disgust, but it was a dismal room in which to be sick, and he pitied the woman the more profoundly as he remembered her in the days when "all outdoors" was none too wide for her.

Lize began abruptly: "I'm down, but not out. In fact, I was coming up to see you this afternoon. Lee and I are just about pulling out for good."

"Indeed! Why not go back with me?"

"You can take the girl back if you want to, but now that I'm getting my chance at you I may not go."

Redfield's tone was entirely cordial as he turned to Lee. "I came hoping to carry you away. Will you come?"

"I'm afraid I can't unless mother goes," she replied sadly.

Lize waved an imperative hand. "Fade away, child. I want to talk with Mr. Redfield alone. Go—see!"

Thus dismissed, Lee went back to the restaurant, where she found the forester just sitting down to his luncheon. "Mr. Redfield will be out in a few minutes," she explained.

"Won't you join me?" he asked in the frank accent of one to whom women are comrades. "The supervisor has been telling me about you."

She took a seat facing him, feeling something refined in his long, smoothly shaven, boyish face. He seemed very young to be district forester, and his eyes were a soft brown, with small wrinkles of laughter playing round their corners.

He began at once on the subject of his visit. "Redfield tells me you are a friend of Mr. Cavanagh's. Did you know that he had resigned?"

She faced him with startled eyes. "No, indeed. Has he done so?"

"Yes. The supervisor got a letter yesterday inclosing his resignation and asking to be relieved at once. And when I heard of it I asked the supervisor to bring me down to see him. He's too good a man to lose."

"Why did he resign?"

"He seemed very bitter over the chief's dismissal. But I hope to persuade him to stay in the service. He's too valuable a man to lose just now, when the war is so hot. I realize that his salary is too small. But there are other places for him. Perhaps when he knows that I have a special note to him from the chief he will reconsider. He's quite capable of the supervisor's position, and Mr. Redfield is willing to resign in his favor. I'm telling you all this because Mr. Redfield has told me of your interest in Mr. Cavanagh, or, rather, his interest in you."

Sam Gregg, entering the door at this moment, came directly to the forester's table. He was followed by the sheriff, a bearded old man with a soiled collar and a dim eye.

Gregg growled out: "You'd better keep your man Cavanagh in the hills, Mr. Forester, or somebody will take a pot shot at him."

"Why, what's new?"

"This assistant is down with smallpox."

"Smallpox!" exclaimed Dalton.

Every jaw was fixed and every eye turned upon the speaker.

"Smallpox!" gasped Lee.

Gregg resumed, enjoying the sensation he was creating. "Yes, that Basque herder of mine, the one up near Black Tooth, sent word he was sick, so I hunted up an old tramp by the name of Edwards to take his place. Edwards found the dago dying of pox and skipped out over the range, leaving him to die alone. Cavanagh went up and found the dago dead and took care of him. Result is he's full of germs and has brought his apprentice down with it, and both of 'em must be quarantined right where they are."

"Good heavens, man," exclaimed Dalton, "this is serious business! Are you sure it's smallpox?"

"One of my men came from there last night. He was there yourself on Monday; so was the deputy. The sheriff missed Tom this morning, but I reached him by phone, and Cavanagh admitted to us that the Basque died of smallpox and that he buried him with his own hands."

The sheriff spoke up. "The criminal part of it is this, Mr. Dalton—Cavanagh didn't report the case when he came down here, but when about leaving a trail of poison. Why didn't he report it? He should be arrested."

"Wait a moment," said Dalton. "Perhaps it wasn't pox; perhaps it was only mountain fever. Cavanagh is not the kind of man to involve others in a pestilence. I reckon he knew it was nothing but a fever, and, not wishing to alarm his friends, he just slid into town and out again."

A flash of light, of heat, of joy, went through Lee's heart as she listened to Dalton's defense of Cavanagh. That was the reason why he rode away," she thought. "He was afraid of bringing harm to us." And this conviction lighted her face with a smile even while the forester continued his supposition by saying, "Of course proper precautions should be taken, and as we are going up there the supervisor and I will see that a quarantine is established if we find it necessary."

Gregg was not satisfied. "Cavanagh admitted to the deputy and to me that he believed the case to be smallpox and said that he had destroyed the camp and everything connected with it except the horse and the dog, and yet he comes down here, infecting everybody he meets." He turned to Lee. "You'd better burn the bed he slept on. He's left a trail of germs wherever he went. I say the man is criminally liable and should be jailed if he lives to get back to town."

Lee's mind was off now on another tangent. "Suppose it is true?" she asked herself. "Suppose he has fallen sick away up there, miles and miles from any nurse or doctor"—

"There's something queer about the whole business," pursued Gregg. "For instance, who is this assistant he's got? Johnson said there was an old man in ranger uniform loitering round. Why didn't he send word by him? Why did he let me come to the door? He might have involved me in the disease. I tell you, if you don't take care of him the people of the county will."

The forester looked grave. "If he knew it was smallpox and failed to report it he did wrong, but you say he took care of this poor shepherd—nursed him till he died and buried him, taking all precautions. You can't complain of that, can you? That's the act of a good ranger and a brave man. You wouldn't have done it?" he ended, addressing Gregg. "Sickness up there two full miles above sea level is quite a different proposition from sickness in Sulphur City or the Fork. I shall not condemn Mr. Cavanagh till I hear his side of the story."

Lee turned a grateful glance upon him. "You must be right. I don't believe Mr. Cavanagh would deceive any one."

"Well, we'll soon know the truth," said Dalton, "for I'm going up there. If the ranger has been exposed he must not be left alone."

"He ain't alone," declared the sheriff. "Tom phoned me that he had an assistant."

"Swenson, I suppose," said Redfield, who entered at this moment. "Swenson is his assistant."

"I didn't see him myself," Gregg continued, "but I understood the deputy to say that he was an old man."

"Swenson is a young man," corrected Redfield.

The sheriff insisted. "Tom said it was an old man—a stranger to him—tall, smooth shaven, not very strong, he said—'peared to be a cook. He had helped nurse the dago, so Tom said."

"That's very curious," mused Redfield. "There's only one old man in the service of this forest. There's a mistake somewhere."

"Well," concluded Gregg, "that's what he said. I thought at first it might be this old bobo Edwards, but this feller being in uniform and smooth shaven"— His face changed; his voice deepened. "Say, I believe it was Edwards, and, furthermore, Edwards is the convict that Texas marshal was after the other day, and this man Cavanagh—your prize ranger—is harboring him."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Redfield.

The sheriff banged his hand upon the table. "That's the whole mystery. I see it all now. He's up there concealing this man. He's given out this smallpox scare just to keep the officers away from him. Now you've got it!"

The thunder in his voice drew toward him all those who remained in the dining room, and Lee found herself ringed about by a dozen excited men, but she did not flinch. She was too deeply engrossed over Cavanagh's fate to be afraid, and, besides, Redfield and the forester were beside her.

The supervisor was staggered by Gregg's accusation and by certain confirmatory facts in his own possession, but he defended Cavanagh bravely. "You're crazy," he replied. "Why should Ross do such a foolish thing? What is his motive? What interest would he have in this man Edwards, whom you call a tramp? He can't be a relative and certainly not a friend of Cavanagh's, for you say he is a convict. Come, now, your hatred of Cavanagh has gone too far."

Gregg was somewhat cooled by this dash of reason, but replied: "I don't know what relation he is, but these are facts. He's concealing an escaped convict, and he knows it."

Dalton put in a quiet word. "What is the use of shouting a judgment against a man like Cavanagh before you know the facts? He's one of the best and ablest rangers on this forest. I don't know why he has resigned, but I'm sure—"

"His he resigned?" asked Gregg eagerly.

"He has."

"A good job for him. I was about to circulate a petition to have him removed."

"If all the stockmen in the valley had signed a petition against him it wouldn't have done any good," replied Dalton. "We know a good man when we see him. I'm here to offer him promotion, not to punish him."

Lee, looking about at the faces of these men and seeing disappointment in their faces, lost the keen sting of her own humiliation. "In the midst of such a fight as this how can he give time or thought to me?" Painful as the admission was, she was forced to admit that she was a very humble factor in a very large campaign. "But suppose he fails ill!" Her face grew white and set and her lips bitter. "That would be the final tragic touch," she thought, "to have him come down of a plague from nursing one of Sam Gregg's sheep herders." Aloud she said: "His resignation comes just in time, doesn't it? He can now be sick without loss to the service."

Dalton answered her. "The supervisor has not accepted his resignation. On the contrary, I shall offer him a higher position. His career as a forester is only beginning. He would be foolish to give up the work now, when the avenues of promotion are just opening. I can offer him very soon the supervision of a forest."

As they talked Lee felt herself sinking the while her lover rose. It was all true. The forester was right. Ross was capable of any work they might demand of him. He was too skilled, too intelligent, too manly, to remain in the forest, heroic as its duties seemed.

Upon this discussion Lize, hobbling painfully, now appeared. With a cry of surprise Lee rose to meet her.

"Mother, you must not do this!"

She waved her away. "I'm all right," she said, "barring the big marble in my slipper." Then she turned to Dalton. "Now, what's it all about? Is it true that Ross is down?"

"No. So far as we know, he is well."

"Well, I'm going to find out. I don't intend to set here and have him up there without a cook or a nurse."

At this moment a tall, fair young fellow, dressed in a ranger's uniform, entered the room and made his way directly to the spot where Lee, her mother and Redfield were standing. "Mr. Supervisor, Cavanagh has sent me to tell you that he needs a doctor. He's got a sick man up at the station, and he's afraid it's a case of smallpox." He turned to Lee. "He told me to tell you that he would have written, only he was afraid to even send a letter out."

"What does he need?" asked Redfield.

"He needs medicine and food, a doctor, and he ought to have a nurse."

"That's my job," said Lize.

"Nonsense!" said Redfield. "You're not fit to ride a mile. I won't hear of your going."

"We can and see. I'm going, and you can't stop me."

"Who is the man with him?" asked the forester.

"I don't know—an old herder, he said. He said he could take care of him all right for the present, but that if he were taken down himself"—

Lee's mounting emotion broke from her in a little cry. "Oh, Mr. Redfield, please let me go too! I want to help!"

Redfield said: "I'll telephone to Sulphur City and ask Brooks to get a nurse and come down as soon as possible. Meanwhile I'll go out to see what the conditions are."

"I'm going, too. I tell you," announced Lize. "I've had the cussed disease, and I'm not afraid of it. We had three sieges of it in my family. You get me up there, and I'll do the rest."

"But you are ill."

"I was, but I'm not now." Her voice was firmer than it had been for days. "All I needed was something to do. Ross Cavanagh has been like a son to me for two years. He's the one man in this country I'd turn my hand over for—barring yourself, Reddy—and it's my job to see him through this pinch."

In spite of all opposition she had her way. Returning to her room to get such clothing as she needed for her stay in the hills, she waited for Redfield to send a carriage to her. "I can't ride a horse no more," she sorrowfully admitted.

Lee's secret was no secret to any one there. Her wide eyes and heaving breast testified to the profound stir in her heart. She was in an anguish of fear lest Ross should already be in the grip of his loathsome enemy. That it had come to him by way of a brave and noble act made the situation only the more tragic.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE POSTHOUSE.

CAVANAGH had kept a keen watch over Wetherford, and from one night the old man began to complain of the ache in his bones his decision was instant.

"You've got it," he said. "It's up to us to move down the valley tomorrow."

Wetherford protested that he would on soon die in the hills as in the valley. "I don't want Lee Virginia to know, but if I seem liable to fade out I'd like Lize to be told that I didn't forget her and that I came back to find out how she was. I hate to be a nuisance to you, and so I'll go down the valley if you say so."

As he was about to turn in that night Ross heard a horse cross the bridge and, with intent to warn the rider of his danger, went to the door and called out: "Halt! Who's there?"

"A friend," replied the stranger in a weak voice.

Ross permitted the visitor to ride up to the pole. "I can't ask you in," he explained. "I've a sick man inside. Who are you, and what can I do for you?"

Notwithstanding this warning the rider dropped from his saddle and came into the light which streamed from the door.

"My name is Dunn," he began. "I'm from Bear Creek."

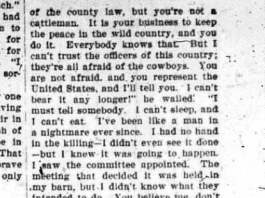
"I know you," responded the ranger. "You're that rancher I saw working in the ditch the day I went to telephone, and you've come to tell me something about that murder."

The other man broke into a whimper. "I'm a law abiding man, Mr. Cavanagh," he began tremulously. "I've always kept out of it and never intended to have anything to do with that business. I was dragged into it against my will. I've come to you because you're an officer of the federal law. You don't belong here. I trust you. You represent the president, and I want to tell you what I know, only I want you to promise not to bring me into it. I'm a family man with a family, and I can't bear to have them know the truth."

There were deep agitation and complete sincerity in the rancher's choked and hesitant utterance, and Cavanagh turned cold with a premonition of what he was about to disclose. "I am not an officer of the law, Mr. Dunn, not in the sense you mean, but I will respect your wish."

"I know that you are not an officer of the county law, but you're not a cattleman. It is your business to keep the peace in the wild country, and you do it. Everybody knows that. But I can't trust the officers of this country; they're all afraid of the cowboys. You are not afraid, and you represent the United States, and I'll tell you. I can't bear it any longer!" he wailed. "I must tell somebody. I can't sleep, and I can't eat. I've been like a man in a nightmare ever since. I had no hand in the killing—I didn't even see it done—but I knew it was going to happen. I saw the committee appointed. The meeting that decided it was held in my barn, but I didn't know what they intended to do. You believe me, don't you?" He peered up at Cavanagh with white face and wild eyes. "I'm over seventy years of age, Mr. Cavanagh, and I've been a law abiding citizen all my life."

His mind, shattered by the weight of his ghastly secret, was in confusion, and, perceiving this, Cavanagh began to question him gently. One by one he professed the names of those who voted to "deal with" the herders. One by one he obtained also the list of those named on "the committee of re-



NEVER.

HE BROKE DOWN ALTOGETHER AND SOBBED BITTERLY.

prisal," and as the broken man delivered himself of these accusing facts he grew calmer. "I didn't know—I couldn't believe—that the men on that committee could chop and burn"— His utterance failed him again, and he fell silent abruptly.

"They must have been drunk—mad drunk," retorted Cavanagh. "And yet who would believe that even drink could inflame white men to such devil's work? When did you first know what had been done?"

"That night after it was done one of the men, my neighbor, who was drawn on the committee, came to my house and asked me to give him a bed. He was afraid to go home. I can't face my wife and children,' he said. He told me what he'd seen, and then when I remembered that it had all been decided in my stable and the committee appointed there I began to tremble. You believe I'm telling the truth, don't you?" he again asked, with piteous accent.

"Yes, I believe you. You must tell this story to the judge. It will end the reign of the cattlemen."

"Oh, no; I can't do that."

"You must do that. It is your duty as a Christian man and citizen."

"No, no; I'll stay and help you. I'll do anything but that. I'm afraid to tell what I know. They would burn me alive. I'm not a western man. I've never been in a criminal court. I don't belong to this wild country. I came out here because my daughter is not strong, and now"— He broke down altogether and, leaning against his horse's side, sobbed pitifully.

Cavanagh, convinced that the old man's mind was too deeply affected to enable him to find his way back over the rough trail that night, spoke to him gently. "I'll get you something to eat," he said. "Sit down here and rest and compose yourself."

Wetherford turned a wild eye on the ranger as he re-entered. "Who's out there?" he asked. "Is it the marshal?"

"No; it's only one of the ranchers from below. He's tired and hungry, and I'm going to feed him." Ross replied, filled with a vivid sense of the diverse characters of the two men he was serving.

Dunn received the food with an eager hand, and after he had finished his refreshment Cavanagh remarked: "The whole country should be obliged to you for your visit to me. I shall send

(Continued on page 5)

They Laugh— as Health Comes Back

Rose and Valerie are sisters. Their charts say they are 23 and 18 years of age, respectively, but to look at them you would think they were 16 and 12—so slight and delicate are they. And when you hear the laughter and chatter of these two—for they are resting side by side in hospital beds—you feel sure they must be the lesser ages.

Yes, they are both very slight, but the wonder is they are here at all, for just a few months ago they were admitted, victims of the ravages of consumption. They are happy now because they are gaining weight and strength again, and you, who have never lost your health, can hardly understand what a wonderful difference that makes to people who never expected to get well. But then—that is the work of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, and it is being carried on for over three hundred patients each day throughout the year.

Rose and Valerie are a farmer's daughters, in a home where there are eleven children, and they say they are learning all about the disease so that they will do their best to see that no other members of the family walk unaware into the dread path that leads to consumption.

Would you not like to contribute to this excellent work? It depends largely upon subscriptions.

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A SECRET RESOLVE
INSTEAD O' ME DOIN' WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE TELLS ME TO DO, I'M GOIN' T' TELL EVERYBODY ELSE WHAT T' DO!
HOW IN'RESTING! TELL ME MORE!
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INVESTIGATION REVEALS FURTHER OVER-ESTIMATION IN COMPUTING COST OF MOVING ALBERTA COAL

Railway Board's Figure of Fifty-nine Days as Time Required for a Round Trip by Coal-Carrying-Car Shown to be Excessive.

THIRTY-FIVE DAYS A GENEROUS ESTIMATE

Reduction in Time Factor Would Materially Reduce the Number of Cars Required, With Corresponding Decrease in the Cost of Transportation.

This is the fourth in a series of special articles on the Canadian fuel policy, based on detailed investigations carried on and demonstrating conclusively that there is no satisfactory reason why Ontario householders should not be burning Western Canadian coal instead of the imported variety.

The question of a subsidy to railways hauling Alberta coal has already been dealt with in these articles. It is unnecessary. It is also a dangerous precedent. Alberta is against it. No government is called upon to use taxpayers' money for the purpose of reimbursing railways carrying coal East at a loss. Unless the freight rate is lower than $5.45, it is impossible for a railway to lose money on the haul.

The Board of Railway Commissioners, in its majority report, finds that $7.22 per ton is the actual cost of transporting the coal.

By examining two errors only —car repairs and the average tonnage per car—it has been demonstrated that the actual cost certainly does not exceed $5.45 per ton.

Now $5.45 per ton is a figure which will make it easily possible for Alberta coal to come into the Eastern markets, putting imported anthracite on the defensive and changing the whole complexion of things as far as the retailing of coal in this province is concerned.

We will therefore, leave the figure at $5.45, but that does not prevent us going on and making a thorough examination of other items in this Railway Board report, laying the facts bare and letting each reader draw his own conclusions.

They do not indicate that the railways suffered in the making up of any of the various items which went to compose this $7.22 figure.

Before the Railway Board, the Canadian National Railways presented an estimate of 59 days as the time required for a round trip by a coal-carrying car. That is, to load, haul it East, unload it and haul back empty—59 days is never considered that there might be return freight going West at the same time—would take, say the railway's experts, practically two months.

Canadian Pacific officials, at the hearing, gave their estimate as 50 days. The Railway Board accepted the longer one—59 days.

Naturally, the longer the time the higher the freight rate. Naturally, the higher the freight rate, the more the Ontario householder would be paying for his coal.

The mater is worth investigation. There are sixteen divisions between the coal fields and Toronto. The total length of railroad lines over which the coal would pass is 2,000 miles. There are, therefore, 16 divisions of 125 miles each over which the coal must pass.

Fortunately, the Canadian National's own figures on the time taken up in transit, on the average, are available. Over the Northern Ontario divisions, all trains average 16.7 miles per hour. On the prairies provinces' divisions, the average is 15 miles per hour.

Across this whole distance, therefore, all trains average 15.8 miles per hour, from terminal to terminal of each division.

In other words, all trains, on the average, cover a division in slightly more than eight hours.

Suppose that, having completed a division of 125 miles, the average train remains in the terminal there for the balance of the day. In this, we are following the precedent laid down by the Railway Board and being generous to the railroads since, as a matter of fet, the ly-over may not average two hours.

That means that a train of Alberta coal would come East in 16 days. It would make the round trip in 3 2days, running time.

The railway, therefore, is allowing 27 days for loading and unloading, by its own figures, when the estimate is made that it would require 59 days for the round trip.

And the Railway Board selected 59 days as the correct calculation.

It must be remembered, too, that the Railway's data on the average time in transit through each division includes all local traffic and short hauls as well as through freight. Coal is extremely through freight and, in allowing 16 days for the trip each way, the coal haul is being slowed down to the average running time of all freight. The average running time of long-distance hauls is obviously faster.

An estimate of 32 days' running time for the round trip should be fair, therefore. But once more, let us be more generous to the railways than their experts were to the Eastern coal consumer. Let us give the railways 35 days for the round trip, which will still permit 15 days for loading and unloading.

The Railway Board's findings are based on the estimate that it would require 10,000 cars to transport the coal. But the estimate of 59 days per round trip is excessive. By reducing it to the figure we mentioned above, we also reduce the number of cars needed. It means, in fact, that 6,000 cars would do the work which it was expected would require 10,000 cars.

Very certainly, the reduction in the number of cars means a decided reduction in the cost of hauling the coal.

In other words, here is another error which imposes more unwarranted expense on Alberta coal coming East and, therefore, on the Ontario householder who would be purchasing it.

It is worth noting, too, that at the hearings, no evidence was admitted which might alter the claims of cost made by the railways.

Viewing this "out-of-pocket" finding of $22 per ton on Alberta coal, it is quite clar that there is not one but rather a notable collection of monkeys in the well-known metaphorical woodpile.

The point concerning the time required to make the haul ought not necessitate any elaboration. The facts are abundantly plain and it will be taken no further.

Having demonstrated that it, too, can be classed with the errors, we leave it.

It was brought in purely for the purpose of offering convincing evidence that in estimating $5.45 as a reasonable calculation of the actual cost of getting Canadian coal to Canadians who need it, the complete array of miscalculations was by no means exhausted.

It goes to show that, even in setting up an unofficial counter-claim of $5.45 against the semi-official one of $7.22, we are by no means hewing right to the line and cutting off the last possible penny from the railways' possible revenues.

There is every logical reason to assume that this lowered rate would be an advantageous one to the railways and they would gain, in the long run, if it were put into force by the Federal Parliament.

In the face of all these facts, to, it is worth while pausing to contemplate the absurdity of the proposal to reward the railways with taxpayers' money, for their generosity to the people of Canada in carrying Alberta coal at $7.22 per ton.

(The next article in this series —which is also the semi-final one —deals briefly with more of the apparently inexhaustible array of miscalculations which the Railway Board report furnished the discriminating investigator. It also touches on the general situation).

GAS SPOILED SLEEP, MADE HER DIZZY

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TREES IMPROVE WEATHER?

Act as Lightning Rods and Avert Storms, Says Expert.

Trees are lightning rods and the increasingly bad weather is due to the destruction of forests, says Edouard Branly, France's grand old man of wireless.

"If there are no longer seasons," he says, "deforestation is the principal, if indeed, alas, not the sole cause.

"Trees on the heights, with their pointed tips toward heaven and their roots deep in the damp ground, are nothing less than many lightning rods, constantly discharging into the earth the atmospheric electricity and thereby preventing its accumulation in the clouds, an accumulation that would cause terrible storms. In wooded districts there was calm but now that the woods are being cut down there are constant hard storms."

The need for protecting trees is well recognized and the Government proposes to spend some money in that direction, but meanwhile owners of forests say heavy taxes oblige them to cut wood to get income.

Roadside restaurants and wayside inns are slowly diminishing in France.

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The members of the local fire department appreciate very much a donation of fifteen dollars from Mr. W. A. Steacy in recognition of their services during the recent destruction of the Rennie block by fire. The department takes this means to publicly thank Mr. Steacy for his gift.

Sucessful Euchre.

Under the auspices of the United Empire Loyalist Chapter I.O. D.E., a progressive euchre was held in the town hall Monday night and was largely attended by the citizens. The many tables were filled with the devotees of this popular game and at the close light refreshments were served.

Funeral of the Late Mrs. David Barrager.

The funeral of the late Mrs. David Barrager, who passed away on Friday last after a lengthy illness, took place on Monday afternoon from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Snider, Bridge street, to Grace United Church. The service was in charge of Rev. W. P. Woodger, assisted by Rev. A. Dellow. A considerable number of friends were present to pay their last tribute of respect.

Young People Entertained.

The Young People's League of St. Andrew's church entertained the members of the Young People's League of Grace United Church on Monday evening. Preceding the programme which was of a musical and literary nature, the combined orchestras of St. Andrew's and Grace Sunday schools rendered a number of appropriate selections. The programme was a most pleasing one and greatly enjoyed by all. A very delicious lunch was served at the close of the programme and before concluding a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the young people of St. Andrew's for their most cordial hospitality.

Rev. Coleman Promoted.

The announcement was made on Monday morning by the Bishop of Ontario, Rt. Rev. Dr. C. R. Seager, that Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, rector of St. Paul's, Kingston, has been appointed Archdeacon of Kingston to succeed Ven. Archdeacon O. G. Dobbs, deceased. Ven. Archdeacon Coleman has served in the Diocese of Ontario since his ordination in 1893, a period of thirty-four years. He was for many years rector of Napanee, being appointed rector of St. Paul's, Kingston, on the death of Rev. Canon W. F. Fitzgerald. Another appointment made by the Bishop and announced on Monday is that of Rev. Rural Dean J. O Crisp to be a Canon of St. George's Cathedral. Rural Dean Crisp, who was ordained in 1882, has held the appointment of Rural Dean of Frontenac for many years with signal success.

Rebekah Officers Installed.

At a regular meeting of Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge No. 254, held on Monday evening, the following officers were installed by acting District Deputy President Sister E. Sharpe, in the absence of Sister Helen Douglas, District Deputy President, who is ill, and was unable to be present:

J.P.N.G.—Sister Gladys Thompson.
N.G.—Sister Lillian Kitchen.
V.G.—Sister Estella Snider.
R.S.—Sister Kathleen Huffman.
F.S.—Sister Irene Wagar.
Treas.—Sister Laura Garratt.
R.S.N.G.—Sister Alma Wales.
L.S.N.G.—Sister Inez LePel.
R.S.V.G.—Sister Margaret Coates.
L.S.V.G.—Sister Anna Huffman
Chaplain—Sister Ruth Babcock
Warden—Sister Leah Sexsmith
Conductor—Sister Nellie Hudson.
I.G.—Sister Ida Sills.
O.G.—Sister Ada Asselstine.

THE BOSS GIVES ORDERS

Professor: "See here, my man, who in the devil told you to plant all that shrubbery in my front yard?"

Gardner: "Why your wife, of course."

Professor: "Mighty pretty, isn't it?"

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Morning service 10.30 a.m.
Evening Service, 7 o'clock.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.

Annual congregational meeting will be held in the Sunday school room at half past seven, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th. All members and adherents are urged to attend.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH
Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Services on Sunday, Jan. 29th: 10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon:
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Here and There

Saint John—Almost 200 new Danish colonists were added to the settlement of New Denmark in the course of the past year, and the population of the colony is now 800. Colonists are prosperous and a further increase in activity is expected in 1928.

Morris Ackerman, acknowledged as one of the leading authorities on fishing and hunting on this continent, urges protection on a close season for great northern pike, grey trout and dore in Ontario and reduction of number allowed to be caught in a day below the figure of four specimens now permitted. Otherwise depletion will cause heavy loss in diminished tourist traffic.

French-Canadian folk songs are becoming more and more popular as was shown by the recent recital at the Jacob Sleeper Hall, Boston, addressed by J. Murray Gibbon and illustrated by songs by Charles Marchand, well-known singer of French-Canadian songs. Boston University students and many members of the Canadian Club and of French Musical societies attended the recital.

Ottawa—A shipment of six bacon type pure-bred swine from Canadian farms to New Zealand has recently been made. Three of the hogs were Canadian type Berkshires from Edgetown, Ontario, and were prize winners at the Royal Fair. The other three were Tamworths from Ontario and Quebec breeders. This is the first year that hogs have been imported into New Zealand from North America since 1916. Other shipments are expected to follow shortly.

The annual dog-racing classic—the Eastern International Dog-Sled Derby—will again be run in Quebec City, February 20-22 next under the auspices of the Winter Sports Association of that city. It will cover 120 miles in the three days and already some of the best known mushers in the Province of Quebec and Canada are entered for the race which carries a cash prize of $1,000 and custody for a year of a handsome gold cup.

Calgary—More than $500,000 worth of cattle from the farms of the province of Alberta were exported to the United States between July 1st and November 1st, 1927, according to the report of the American Consul at Calgary. The shipments include some 12,000 head, comprising stockers, feeders and butcher cattle. The American markets at the present time are very inviting to stockmen in Western Canada and dealers have shown greater activity during the past six months than in any similar period since 1922.

Canadian Pacific Express, railway and steamships and finally an airplane were employed to carry two boxes of roses from Brampton, Ont. to Paris, France as a gift at Christmas. They were sent by Lt-Col. J. T. Maclean of Toronto to Princess Carolyn de Faucigny-Lucinge and to Countess Odon de Lubersac and only one heavy snowfall that swept Great Britain at that time prevented them from being placed on these ladies' breakfast tables on Christmas morning. As it was, they arrived two days later, as fresh as though they had just been plucked.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Archer has returned from visiting friends in Belleville and vicinity.

Miss Beatrice Joyce spent the week-end in Trenton.

Thos. Hetherington, of Belleville, spent the week-end at his home here.

Miss Minnie Pratt has returned home after visiting friends and Mrs. Fred Kent in Shannonville.

Mr. Lloyd Leonard spent Sunday at Hartington.

Mrs. Thomas Beggs celebrated her ninety-third birthday on Saturday, January 21st, when a number of her friends called to congratulate her. She was the recipient of many telegrams and remembrances from friends at a distance. Mrs. Beggs in spite of her ninety-three years is remarkably well. Dainty refreshments were served to those who called.

Mr. Genereux, of Point Anne, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Roach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore, of Port Hope, are in town to attend the funeral of the former's father, the late Mr. Samuel Moore.

Mr. Kenneth Davis, of Montreal, attended the funeral of his grandfather, the late Mr. Samuel Moore, on Friday afternoon.

The funeral of the late Mr. Samuel Moore took place from his late residence Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The remains were placed in Deseronto vault.

Miss Kathleen Ungar is the guest of her cousin, Miss Marguerite Amey.

Miss Merrill spent the week-end in Napanee, the guest of Miss E. G. Jones.

Th Town Council met on Monday night in the Town Hall.

Eric Provins has returned from the Kingston General Hospital, where he underwent an operation recently.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

HOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.
We are equipped to handle any commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS and TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
PHONE 95 NIGHT OR DAY

WOMEN MAKE GOOD DRIVERS

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Among the enthusiastic women who entered my automobile school, there were a number who had over-estimated their ability, but it can be said that there were fewer in proportion who were unqualified than found in a like number of men. The women have a trait which serves them well, and that is of asking questions until they are satisfied the point is clear. Men are inclined to be backward or they dislike the idea of admitting their inability to understand. A man will pass up the puzzle and leave it to the future; a woman will master it then or proceed no further.

Every woman who is desirous of mastering the mysteries of her car, should attend a school which is equipped to go into the subject from the elementary to the advanced stage. If driving and caring for a car is her hobby, she will enjoy every minute of the time spent and will be well repaid by the knowledge acquired. The puzzles of ignition, carburetion and the other mysteries will unfold and she will have a foundation of mechanical knowledge which she can continually add to as time passes.

Many women have long since learned that they cannot depend upon the men about the house to make minor repairs to a car and these women have learned not to depend upon some one else.

Once by one the points are absorbed by her, after which finer points are taken up, as the adjusting of valve clearances, the cleaning, adjusting and timing of ignition breaker points. By the time her course of instruction is finished the woman is qualified to not only care for her own car, but is able to give advice to her friends.

It is being done by women all over the world. One must not expect to acquire a great amount of knowledge in a short time. A system must be followed and the automobile school has that system.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prices:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also loud speaker table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

THE SEL-RITE STORES

Will Re-Open in the Store formerly occupied by Knight's Drug Store, on

Saturday, February 4th

We will carry a full variety, and our aim will be

Bigger and Better Values than Ever

Watch The Express for further announcement

The Most Liquid Investment

A SAVINGS Bank Account is primarily an investment. But it is the only investment yielding a fair rate of interest, that is available for your use at a moment's notice. Emergencies can be immediately met by the bank account that has been consistently developed. Your investment, as such, yields regular returns in interest. Your investment as a bank account yields constant satisfaction and peace of mind in the fact that it is always ready for other uses without the trouble of converting into cash.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

With five leading ladies, a Rolls Royce and a bicycle, Harry Langdon has the makings of plenty of romance for "LONG PANTS," his new starring funfest.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Olive Borden, in the stellar role of Fox Films, "COME AND HUSH HOUSE," in a colorful and daring picturization of a beautiful girl and modern society.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A new comedy team, Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, make their screen debut in "ADAM AND EVIL," a Robert Z. Leonard production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, based on a stage screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Florence Ryerson.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

MUMMIES IN TORONTO MUSEUM.

Similar to Ancient Relics Being Sought on Aleutian Islands.

Two Indian mummies from the caves of British Columbia, similar as regards their mode of preservation to Mongol mummies, now being sought by the Siberian-Arctic expedition of the Americal Museum of Natural History, are at present in the Provincial Museum at the Normal School, Toronto.

The Mongolian mummies sought by the expedition among the Aleutian islands off Alaska are believed to date back further than those of Egypt. If they are found to be of Mongolian origin it is supposed they will establish a connection between the North American Indian and the Asiatic theory of their origin.

The mummies of these British Columbia Indians have no claim either to great age or Asiatic origin. But they are remarkably fine specimens, preserved by no artificial means, but by a natural process of desiccation in the dry caves of Vancouver Island. The Mongol mummies will be preserved by the same agency, the dry salt air of the Pacific ocean.

The bodies are those of Indians, according to Dr. Orr, who is a noted archaeologist, and Indian student. A minute study of their cranial structure has assured him of that.

Dr. David Boyle, past curator of the museum, since deceased in his monograph on these two examples of a curious form of Indian burial, declares them to be comparatively recent as time is measured by archeological standards.

Census of Feet.

It is hoped that a census of the British nation's feet will save the world billions of corns and footaches. The census is being carried out by the Government through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, who will take measurements of various shapes and sizes in different localities, with the idea of making shoes to fit.

There has been little knowledge, so far, of actual variations in foot size and shape among people of different races, ages, and occupations, and there has been nothing to serve as an accurate basis for measurements.

As a result of this survey, it may be found that human feet can be classified into relatively few types. These can then serve as standard for making comfortable shoes for almost any feet.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1910, by Hamlin Garland

your information to Supervisor Redfield."

"Don't use my name," he begged. "They will kill me if they find out that I have told. We were all sworn to secrecy, and if I had not seen that fire, that pile of bodies"—

"I know, I know! It horrified me. It made me doubt humanity," responded Cavanagh. "We of the north cry out against the south for lynching, but here under our eyes goes on an equally horrible display of rage over the mere question of temporary adjustment, over the appropriation of free grass, which is a federal resource —something which belongs neither to one claimant nor to the other, but to the people, and should be of value to the people. You must bring these men to punishment."

Dunn could only shiver in his horror and repeat his fear. "They'll kill me if I do."

Cavanagh at last said: "You must not attempt to ride back tonight. I can't give you lodging in the cabin, because my patient is sick of smallpox, but you can camp in the barn till morning, then ride straight back to my friend Redfield and tell him what you've told me. He will see that you are protected. Make your deposition and leave the country if you are afraid to remain."

In the end the rancher promised to do this, but his tone was that of a broken and distraught dotard. All the landmarks of his life seemed suddenly shifted.

Meanwhile the sufferings of Wetherford were increasing, and Cavanagh was forced to give up all hope of getting him down the trail next morning, and when Swenson, the forest guard from the South Fork, knocked at the door to say that he had been to the valley and that the doctor was coming up with Redfield and the district forester Ross thanked him, but ordered him to go into camp across the river and to warn everybody to keep away of the cabin. "Put your packages down outside the door," he added, "and take charge of the situation on the outside. I'll take care of the business inside."

Wetherford was in great pain, but the poison of the disease had misted his brain, and he no longer worried over the possible disclosure of his identity. At times he lost the sense of his surroundings and talked of his previous life or of the long ride northward. Once he rose in his bed to beat off the wolves which he said were attacking his pony.

He was a piteous figure as he struggled thus, and it needed neither his relationship to Lee nor his bravery in caring for the Basque herder to fill the ranger's heart with a desire to relieve his suffering. "Perhaps I should have sent for Lize at once," he mused as the light brought out the red signatures of the plague.

Once the old man looked up with wide, dark, unseeing eyes and murmured, "I don't seem to know you."

"I'm a friend. My name is Cavanagh."

"I can't place you," he sadly admitted. "I feel pretty bad. If I ever get out of this place I'm going back to the Fork. I'll get a gold mine; then I'll go back and make up for what Lize has gone through. I'm afraid to go back now."

"All right," Ross soothingly agreed. "But you'll have to keep quiet till you get over this fever you're suffering from."

"If Lize weren't so far away she'd come and nurse me. I'm pretty sick."

Swenson came back to say that probably Redfield and the doctor would reach the station by noon, and thereafter, for the reason that Cavanagh expected their coming, the hours dragged woefully. It was after 1 o'clock before Swenson announced that two teams were coming with three men and two women in them. "They'll be here in half an hour."

The ranger's heart leaped. Two women! Could one of them be Lee Virginia? What folly—what sweet desperate folly! And the other—she could not be Lize, for Lize was too feeble to ride so far. "Stop them on the other side of the bridge," he commanded. "Don't let them cross the creek on any pretext."

As he stood in the door the flutter of a handkerchief, the waving of a hand, made his pulse glow and his eyes grow dim. It was Virginia.

Lize had not fluttered a kerchief or wave a hand, but when Swenson stopped the carriage at the bridge she said: "No, you don't! I'm going across. I'm going to see Ross, and if he needs help I'm going to roll up my sleeves and take hold."

Cavanagh saw her advancing, and as she came near enough for his voice to reach her he called out: "You don't come any closer. Stop, I tell you!" His voice was stern. "You must not come a step nearer. Go back across the dead line and stay there. No one but the doctor shall enter this door. Now, that's final."

"I want to help!" she protested.

"I know you do, but I won't have it. This quarantine is real, and it goes!"

"But suppose you yourself get sick?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it. I'm all right so far, and I'll call for help when I need it."

His tone was imperative, and she obeyed, grumbling about his youth and the value of his life to the service.

"That's all very nice," he replied, "but I'm in it, and I don't intend to expose you or any one else to the contagion."

"I've had it once," she asserted.

He looked at her and smiled in recognition of her subterfuge.

"No matter; you're ailing and might take it again, so toddle back. It's mighty good of you and of Lee to come, but there isn't a thing you can do, and here's the doctor," he added as he recognized the young student who passed for a physician in the Fork. He was a beardless youth of small experience and no great courage, and as he approached with hesitant feet he asked:

"Are you sure it's smallpox?"

Cavanagh smiled. "The indications are all that way. That last importation of Basques brought it, probably from the steerage of the ship. I'm told they've had several cases over in the basin."

"Have you been vaccinated?"

"Yes, when I was in the army."

"Then you're all right."

"I hope so."

There was a certain comic relief in this long distance diagnosing of a "case" by a boy, and yet the tragic fact beneath it all was that Wetherford was dying, a broken and dishonored husband and father, and that his identity must be concealed from his wife and daughter, who were much more deeply concerned over the ranger than over the desperate condition of the latter. "I'll do my best to continue to be so," Cavanagh decided. And as he stood there looking toward the girl's fair figure on the bridge he came to the final, fixed determination never to speak one word or make a sign that might lead to the dying man's identification. "Of what use is it?" he asked himself. "Why should

fighting up. "But we'll get it. Public sentiment is coming our way. The old order is already so much swept away that only its shell remains."

"It may be. If these assassins are punished I shall feel hopeful of the change."

"I shall recommend you for the supervisorship of the Washakie forest," concluded Dalton decisively. "And so goodby and good luck."

England, his blood relative, even as Redfield, seemed very remote to the ranger as he stood in his door that night and watched the sparkle of Swenson's campfire through the trees. With the realization that there waited a brave girl of the type that loves single heartedly, ready to sacrifice everything to the welfare of her idealized subject, he felt unworthy, selfish, vain.

"If I should fall sick she would insist on nursing me. For her sake I must give Swenson the strictest orders not to allow her, no matter what happens, to approach. I will not have her touched by this thing."

Beside the brave Lee and her mother sat for the most part in silence, with nothing to do but to wait the issue of the struggle going on in the cabin, so near and yet so inaccessible to their will. It was as if a magic wall, crystal clear, yet impenetrable, shut them away from the man whose quiet heroism was the subject of their constant thought.

It was marvelous, as the dusk fell and the air nipped keen, to see how Lee Wetherford's spirit grew and grew. The excitement seemed to have given her a fresh hold on life. She was wearied, but by no means weakened, by her ride and ate heartily of the cold fare which Swenson had set before her. "This is what I needed," she exultantly said—"the open air and these trout. I feel ten years younger already. Many's the night I've camped on the range with your father with nothing but a rug to keep me warm both and the wolves howling round us. I'd feel pretty fairly gay if it wasn't for Ross over there in that cabin playing nurse and cook all by his lonesomeness."

Lee expressed a deep satisfaction from the fact of their nearness. "If he is ill we can help him," she reiterated.

There was a touch of frost in the air as they went to their beds, and, though she shivered, Lize was undismayed. "There's nothing the matter with my heart," she exulted. "I don't believe there was anything really serious the matter with me, anyway. I reckon I was just naturally touchy and worried over you and Ross."

CHAPTER XX.

WITH THE AID OF THE PRESS.

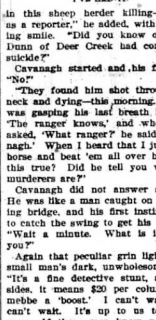
LEE VIRGINIA was now living a romance stranger and more startling than any she had ever read. In imagination she was able to look back and down upon the Fork as if she had been carried into another world, a world that was at once primeval, yet peaceful; a world of dreaming trees, singing streams and silent peaks; a realm in which law and order reigned, maintained by one determined person, a man whose power was derived from the president himself. She felt safe—entirely safe—for just across the roaring mountain torrent the two intrepid guardians of the forest were encamped. One of them, it is true, came of Swedish parentage, and the other was a native of England, but they were both American in the high sense of being loyal to the federal will, and they trusted these more unquestioningly than any other men in all that west save only Redfield. She had no doubt there were others equally loyal, equally to be trusted, but she did not know them.

She rose to a complete understanding of Cavanagh's love for "the high country" and his enthusiasm for the cause, a cause which was due to bring together the student from Yale and the graduates of Bergen and of Oxford and make them comrades in preserving the trees and streams of the mountain states against the encroachments of some of their own citizens, who were openly, shortsightedly and cynically bent upon destruction, spoliation and misuse.

She had listened to the talk of the forester and the supervisor, and she had learned from them that Cavanagh was sure of swift advancement now that he had shown his courage and his skill, and the thought that he might leave the state to take charge of another forest brought her some uneasiness, for she and Lize had planned to go to Sulphur City. She had consented to this because it still left her the possibility of occasionally seeing or hearing from Cavanagh. But the thought that he might go away altogether took some of the music out of the sound of the stream and made the future vaguely sad.

For the next two days Cavanagh slept but little, for his patient grew steadily worse. As the flame of his fever mounted, Wetherford pleaded for air. The ranger, upon pushed doors, admitting freely the cool, sweet mountain wind. "He might as well die of a draft as smother," was his thought, and by the use of cold cloths he tried to allay the itching and the pain.

With the coming of the third night Wetherford was unconscious and unrecognizant of any one, and that his identity must be concealed from his wife and daughter, who were much more deeply concerned over the ranger than over the desperate condition of the latter, was a fact he must continue to be so," Cavanagh decided. And as he stood there looking toward the girl's fair figure on the bridge he came to the final, fixed determination never to speak one word or make a sign that might lead to the dying man's identification. "Of what use is it?" he asked himself. "Why should



"I'VE HAD IT."

in this sheep herder killing—merely as a reporter," he added, with a fleeting smile. "Did you know old Jesus Tomas of Deer Creek had committed suicide?"

Cavanagh started and his face set. "No!"

"They found him shot through the neck and dying—this morning. As he was gasping his last breath he said, 'The ranger knows,' and when they asked, 'What ranger?' he said, 'Cavanagh.' Then I heard that I jumped a horse and beat 'em all over here. Is this true? Did he tell you who the murderers are?"

Cavanagh did not answer at once. He was like a man caught on a swaying bridge, and his first instinct was to catch the swing to get his balance. "Wait a minute. What is it all to you?"

Again that peculiar grin lighted the small man's dark, unwholesome face. "It's a fine detective stunt, and, besides, it means $20 per column and probably a raise. I'm living high, I can't wait. It's up to us to strike now. If these men knew you have their names they'd hike for Texas or the high seas. Come now! Everybody calls me pretty low down journalistic highbrow rangers who care more for the future of the west than most natural born westerners. What's your plan? If you'll yoke up with me we'll run these devils into the earth and win great fame and you'll be doing the whole country a service."

The ranger studied the small figure before him with peculiar interest. There was deliberate fearlessness in the stranger's face and eyes, and, notwithstanding his calm, almost languid movement, restless energy could be detected in his voice.

"What is your plan?" the ranger asked.

"Get ourselves deputized by the court and jump these men before they realize that there's anything doing. They count the whole country on their side, but they're mistaken. They've outdone themselves this time, and a tremendous reaction has set in. Everybody knows you've held an even hand over these warring Picts and Scots, and the court will be glad to deputize you to bring them to justice. The old sheriff is paralyzed. Everybody knows that the assassins are prominent cattle ranchers, and yet no one dares move. It's up to you fellows, who represent law and order, to act quick."

Cavanagh followed him with complete comprehension, and a desire to carry out the plan seized upon him.

"I'd do it if I could," he said, "but it happens I am nursing a sick man. I am perhaps already exposed to the same disease. I can't leave here for a week or more. It would not be right for me to expose others"—

"Don't worry about that. Take a hot bath, fumigate your clothing, shave your head. I'll fix you up, and I'll get some one to take your place." Catching sight of Swenson and Lize on the bridge, he asked: "Who are those people? Can't they take your nursing job?"

"No," answered Cavanagh bluntly. "It's no use. I can't join you in this, at least not now."

"But you'll give me the names which Dunn gave you?"

"No; I can't do that. I shall tell the supervisor, and he can act as he sees fit. For the present I'm locked up here."

The other man looked the disappointment he felt. "I'm sorry you don't feel like opening up. You know perfectly well that nothing will ever be done about this thing unless the press insists upon it. It's up to you and me (me representing the conscience of the east"—here he winked at Lee—"and you federal authority to look to what we can do bring these men to their punishment. Better reconsider. I'm speaking now as a citizen as well as a reporter."

There was much truth in what he said, but Cavanagh refused to go further in the matter until he had consulted with Redfield.

"Very well," replied Hartley. "That's settled. By the way, who is your president?"

Eloquently, concisely, Roosevelt told the story. "Just a poor old mounted bobby, a survival of the days when 'might' be said, "but he had the heart of a hero in him, and I'm doing my best to save him."

"Keep him in the dark—that's the latest theory now—under a red light. White light brings out the ulcers."

"He hates darkness. That's one reason why I've opened the doors and windows."

"All wrong. According to Finsen, he wouldn't pit in the dark. However, it doesn't matter on a cowboy. You've a great story yourself. There's a fine situation here, which I'll play up if you don't object."

Cavanagh smiled. "Would my objection have any weight?"

The reporter laughed. "Not much. I've got to have some sort of game. Well, so long. I must hit the trail over the hill."

Cavanagh made civil answer and returned to his patient more than half convinced that Hartley was right. The "power of the press" might prove to be a very real force in this pursuit.

As the journalist was about to mount the horse he discovered Lee Virginia on the other side of the creek. "Hello!" said he. "I wonder what this pretty maiden means." And, dropping his bridle rein again, he walked toward the bridge.

Swenson interposed his tall figure "What do you want?" he asked blunt ly. "You don't want to get too close. You've been talking to the ranger."

Hartley recalled him coolly. "Are you a ranger too?"

"No, only a guard."

"Why are you leaving Cavanagh to play it alone in there?"

Lee explained. "He won't let any of us come near him."

"Quite right," retorted Hartley promptly. "They say smallpox has got to terms, but when you're eight hours' hard trail from a doctor or a hospital it's still what I'd call a formidable enemy. However, Cavanagh's immune, so he says."

"We don't know that," Lee said and her hands came together in a spasm of fear. "Are you a doctor?"

"No; I'm only a newspaper man, but I've had a lot of experience with plagues in my time. I was in yellow fever in Porto Rico and the typhoid in South Africa; that's why I'm out here ricochetting over the hills. But who are you, may I ask? You look like the rose of Sharon."

"My name is Lee Wetherford," she answered, with childish directness, for there was something compelling in the man's keen eyes. "And this is my mother." She indicated Lize, who was approaching.

"You are not out here for your health," he stated, rather forcefully for a reporter, "and you're here?"

"I was born here—in the Fork."

His face remained expressionless "I don't believe it. Can such maidens come out of Roaring Fork? No! That doesn't mean that. What are you doing up here in this wilderness?"

Lize took a part in the conversation. "Another inspector?" she asked as she mothered up.

"My mother," he replied—"Sherlock Holmes, Videcq, all rolled into one."

"My mother," again volunteered Lee.

Hartley's eyes expressed incredulity, but he did not put his feelings into words. Lize received in Lize a type with which he was entirely familiar—one to be handled with care. "What are you two women doing here? Are you related to one of these rangers?"

Lize resented this. "You're asking a good many questions, Mr. Man."

"That's my trade," was the unabashed reply, "and I'm not so old but that I can rise to a romantic situation." Thereupon he explained all at great length and with an air of candor told the story of his mission Lize, entirely sympathetic, invited him to lunch, and he was soon in possession of their story, even to the tender relationship between Lee Virginia and the hunted besieged forest ranger.

"We're not so mightily disinterested," he said, referring to his paper. "The Roundup represents the new west in part, but to us the new west means nothing but water sites and pile up unearned increment. Oh, yes, we're on the side of the fruit and alfalfa grower, because it pays. If the boss of my paper happened to be in the sheep business, as Senator Blank is, we would sing a different tune, or if I were a congressman representing a district of cattlemen I'd be very slow about helping to build up any system that would make me pay for my grass. As it is, I'm commissioned to make it hot for the ranchers that killed those dagoes, and I'm going to do it. If this country had a man like Cavanagh for sheriff we'd have the murderers in two days. We'd have 'em in the hoosegow and I'd like his help. But he's nailed down here, and there's no hope of his getting away. A few men like him could civilize this country."

Thereupon he drew from three pairs of eyes a statement of the kind of man Ross Cavanagh was, but most significant of all were the few words of the girl, to whom this man of the pad and pencil was a magician, capable of exalting her hero and of advancing light and civilization by the mere motion of his hand. She liked him and grew more and more willing to communicate, and he, perceiving in her some thing unusual, lingered on, questioning. Then he rose. "I must be going," he said to Lee. "You've given me a lovely afternoon."

Lee Virginia was all too ignorant of the ways of reporters to resent his note taking, and she accepted his hand, believing him to be a sincere admirer of her ranger. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

(Continued on page 6)

ALUMINUM TROLLEY-CAR.

Bucket Chairs, Indirect Lighting and Silent, Sliding Doors.

Aluminum street cars are bringing something new into the street car industry, especially to interurbans, and to meet the problems of the competition of the bus lines, says F. H. Blackhall, general manager of the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee Electric Railway.

Great success in every way, with marked reduction in operating expenses, maintenance and noise has been met by the Chicago and Joliet Railway Company, with its two aluminum cars, said Mr. Blackhall. The same thing has been found out in Cleveland, where a number of aluminum cars are in operation, Col. Joseph H. Alexander, president of the Cleveland Railway Company, has announced.

"We found on the Chicago and Joliet line that we could make faster time, between the two cities, with important saving costs and in maintenance," Mr. Blackhall said, "in the place of four 100-horsepower motors, we used four of 35 horsepower. The aluminum cars weighed 59,000 pounds, compared to 62,000 pounds for the old style steel coach.

"The new cars reduced the running time between Chicago and Joliet by ten minutes, without any great increase in speed. This was due to the easier and quicker starting and stopping which was possible through the reduction in weight. This also eliminated a great trouble in maintaining schedule with the ever increasing number of stops that faced us.

"The aluminum cars were attractive in appearance, with bright colors outside and parlor car trimmings inside. That was one of the things we had to watch, as the bus companies have taught the public to expect the parlor car accommodations. All fixed lines, light wires, bell attachments and other accessories have been carefully concealed in mahogany cabinets. Interior lighting is of the semi-indirect type. Individual bucket type chairs are provided. Doors are of the silent, sliding type, which eliminate noise and cut down maintenance costs.

"The average power saving of these cars has been 20.3 per cent., due to the lighter weight. The average power consumption per mile of the old type car was 2.76 per kilowatt hour, as against $2.20 for the new type.

"When the new cars were purchased, we estimated that a return of about $40,000 a year would be realized on the investment of $168,000. The reduction in operating expenses was figured at $30,000 and the increased revenue at $10,000.

"We have found that this estimate is not far from wrong, in spite of the fact that new and higher wage rates have been put into effect, which has done the anticipated saving somewhat. One man operation of the cars resulted in a labor cost reduction.

"Considerable saving in the maintenance of tracks, roadbed and equipment has been noted since

SANG IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Oliver G. Pike Tells of an Incident During the War.

Not long ago I was listening with delight, writes Oliver G. Pike, the naturalist, in Tit-Bits, to the wonderful and liquid song of the nightingale. The night was dark, and with the exception of the music given out by the small bird I could not see, or even silence in the wood.

The surroundings have a lot to do with making the nightingale's music so romantic, but he certainly has some marvellous gift of charming or leaving a level piece of ground, the only necessary maintenance being to keep it clear of obstructions.

"I would go further and say that within the next few years every town of importance must have its own municipal airdrome. Landing stations will be as necessary then as railway stations are now.

"Indeed," Sir Alan concluded, "I should like to see the campaign for municipal airdromes linked up with the campaign for more open spaces and playgrounds."

WHAT SIR ALAN THINKS.

Says Every One May Fly Next Generation.

"A majority of the men and many over forty who can afford to fly have never conquered the hesitation which was naturally aroused in the early, dangerous days of this century," said Sir Alan Cobham in an interview with a Daily Herald (London, England) reporter, "but a younger generation is growing up which will regard flying as itself orders now regard motoring. To them the air will have no terrors, for flying will, within the next few years, become one of the commonplaces of our daily life.

"We must provide more landing-places in the environs of all our inland towns. Indeed, only every town, but every village must have its own airdrome," added Sir Alan Cobham on the question of airdromes.

"Millions are spent yearly on the making and repair of roads and railways, but the airman uses no track, he needs only a station from which to start or to land, and he is free.

"Therefore, I maintain that it is not asking too much to ask every town council to make its own municipal airdrome, by purchasing or leasing a level piece of ground, the only necessary maintenance being to keep it clear of obstructions.

"I would go further and say that within the next few years every town of importance must have its own municipal airdrome. Landing stations will be as necessary then as railway stations are now.

"Indeed," Sir Alan concluded, "I should like to see the campaign for municipal airdromes linked up with the campaign for more open spaces and playgrounds."

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it to the grocery merchant for his wages in one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Cavanagh Forest Ranger

(Continued from page 5)

"I'm going back to Sulphur to spread the report of Cavanagh's quarantine." Again that meaning smile. "I don't want any other newspaper men mixed up in my game. I'm Lonesome Ned in stunts like this, and I hope if they do come up you'll be judiciously silent. Goodby."

CHAPTER XXI.

WETHERFORD PASSES ON.

SOON after the reporter left Cavanagh called to Swenson: "The old man can't last through another such night as last night was, and I wish you would persuade Mrs. Wetherford and her daughter to return to the valley. They can do nothing here—absolutely *nothing*. Please say that."

Swenson repeated his commands with all the emphasis he could give them, but neither Lize nor Lee would consent to go. "It would be heathenish to leave him alone in this lonesome hole," protested Lize.

"I shall stay till he is free," added Lee. And with uneasy heart she crossed the bridge and walked on and on toward the cabin till she was close enough to detect the lines of care on Dyer's haggard face.

"Stop!" he called sharply. "Keep away! Why don't you obey me? Why don't you go back to the valley?"

"Because I will not leave you alone—I can't! I *must* stay!"

"I beg of you go back."

The rear of the stream made it necessary to speak loudly, and he could not put into his voice the appeal which he felt at the moment, but his face was knotted with pain as he asked, "Don't you see you add to my uneasiness—my pain?"

"We're so anxious about you," she answered. "It seems as though we should be doing something to help you."

He understood and was grateful for the tenderness which brought her so near to him, but he was forced to be stern.

"There is nothing you can do—nothing more than you are doing. It helps me to know you are safe, but you must not cross the bridge. Please go back!" There was pleading as well as command in his voice, and with a realization of the passion his voice conveyed she retraced her steps, her heart beating quickly with the joy which his words conveyed.

At sunset Redfield returned, bringing with him medicine, but no nurse. "Nobody will come up here," he said. "I reckon Ross is doomed to fight it out alone. The solitude, the long trail, became the terror of the man's way. I tried and tried—so use Eleanor would have some, of course—demanded to come—but I would not permit that. She commissioned me to bring you both down to the ranch."

Lee Virginia thanked him, but reiterated her wish to stay until all possible danger to Cavanagh was over.

Redfield crossed the bridge and laid the medicines down outside the door.

"The nurse from Sulphur refused to come when she found that her patient was in a mountain cabin. I'm sorry, old man. I did the best I could."

"Never mind," replied Cavanagh. "I'm still free from any touch of fever. I'm tired, of course, but good for another night of it. My main anxiety concerns Lee. Get her to go home with you if you can."

"I'll do the best I can," responded Redfield, "but meanwhile you must not think of getting out of the forest service. I have some cheering news for you. The president has put a good man into the chief's place."

Cavanagh's face lighted up. "That'll help some," he exclaimed. "But who's the man?"

Redfield named him. "He was a student under the chief, and the chief says he's all right, which satisfies me. Furthermore, he's a real forester and not a political jobber or a corporation attorney."

"That's good," repeated Cavanagh, "and yes," he said sadly, "it leaves the chief free for the search."

"No; the chief is not out. He's where he can fight for the idea to better advantage than when he was a subordinate under another man. Anyhaw, he asks us all to line up for the work and not to mind him. The work, he says, is bigger than any man. Here's that resignation of yours," he said, taking Cavanagh's letter from his pocket. "I didn't put it on file. What shall I do with it?"

"Throw it to me," said Cavanagh curtly.

Redfield tossed it over the hitching pole, and Ross took it up, looked at it for a moment in silence, then tore it into bits and threw it on the ground.

"What are your orders, Mr. Superforester?" he asked with a faint, quizzical smile around his eyes.

"There's nothing you can do but take care of this man. But as soon as you are able to ride again I've got some special work for you. I want you to join with young Bingham, the ranger on Rock creek, and line up the Triangle cattle. Murphy is reported to have thrown on the forest nearly a thousand head more than his permit calls for. I want you to see about that. Then complete your maps so that I can turn them in on the 1st of November, and about the middle of December you are to take charge of this forest in my stead. Eleanor has decided to take the children abroad for a couple of years, and as I am to be over there part of the time I don't feel justified in holding down the supervisor's position. I shall resign in your favor. Wait now," he called warningly. "The district forester and I framed all this up as we rode down the hill yesterday, and it goes. Oh, yes, there's one thing more. Old man Dunn"—

"I know."

"How did you learn it?"

"A reporter came toiling over the ridge about noon today wanting me to give him the names which Dunn had given me. I was strongly tempted to do as he asked me to—you know these newspaper men are sometimes the best kind of detectives for running down criminals—but on second thought I concluded to wait until I had discussed the matter with you. I haven't much faith in the county authorities."

"Ordinarily I would have my doubts myself," replied Redfield, "but the whole country is roused, and we're going to round up these cattle thieves. The best men and the big papers all over the west are demanding an exercise of the law, and the reward we have offered"— He paused suddenly. "By the way, that reward will come to you if you can bring about the arrest of the criminals."

"The reward should go to Dunn's family," replied the ranger soberly. "Poor chap, he's sacrificed himself for the good of the state."

Cavanagh broke off the conversation suddenly. "I must go back to"— He had almost said "back to Wetherford. "My patient needs me," he examined.

"How does he seem?"

"He's surely dying. In my judgment he can't last the night, but so long as he's conscious it's up to me to be on the spot."

Redfield walked slowly back across the river, thinking on the patient courage of the ranger.

"It isn't the obvious kind of thing, but it's courage all the same," he said to himself.

Meanwhile Lize and Virginia, left alone beside the fire, had drawn closer together.

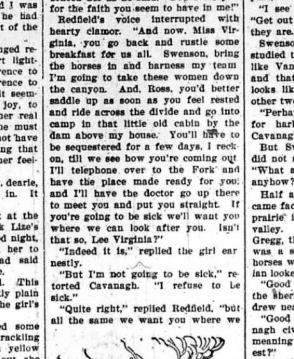
The girl's face, so sweet and so pensive, wrought strongly upon the older woman's sympathy. Something of her own girlhood came back to her. Being freed from the town and all its associations, she became more considerate, more thoughtful. She wished to speak, and yet she found it very hard to begin. At last she said, with a touch of mockery in her tone, "You like Ross Cavanagh almost as well as I do myself, don't you?"

The girl flushed a little, but her eyes remained steady. "I would not be here if I did not," she replied.

"Neither would I. Well, now, I have got something to tell you—something I ought to have told you long ago, something that Ross ought to know. I intended to tell you that first day you came back, but I couldn't somehow get to it, and I kept putting it off till—well, then I got fond of you, and every day made it harder. I've not the made the supreme effort. "Child, I'm an old bluff. I'm not your mother at all."

Lee stared at her in amazement. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean your real mother died when you was a tiny little babe. You see, I was your father's second wife—in fact, you weren't a year old when we married. Ed made me promise never to let you know. We were to bring



"I'M NOT YOUR MOTHER AT ALL."

you up just the same as if you was a child to both of us. Nobody knows but Reddy. I told him the day we started up here."

The girl's mind ran swiftly over the past as she listened. The truth of the revelation reached her instantly, explaining a hundred strange things which had puzzled her all her life. The absence of deep affection between herself and Lize was explained. Their difference in habit, temperament, thought—all became plain. "But my mother," she said at last—"who *was* my mother?"

"I never saw her. You see, Ed came into the country, bringing you, a little, motherless babe. He always said your mother was a fine woman, but I never so much as saw a picture of her. She was an educated woman, he said—a southern woman—and her name was Virginia, but that's about all I can tell you of her. Now I am going to let Ross know all of this as soon as I can. It will make a whole lot of difference in what he thinks of you."

She uttered all this much as a man would have done, with steady voice and with bright eyes, but Lee Virginia could feel beneath her harsh inflections the deep emotion which vibrated there, and her heart went out toward the lonely woman in a new rush of tenderness. Now that she was released from the necessity of excusing her mother's faults—faults she could now ignore—now that she could look upon her as a loyal friend, she was moved to pity and to love, and, rising, she went to her and put her arms about her neck and said: "This won't make any difference. I am going to stay with you and help you just the same."

The tears came to the old woman's eyes, and her voice broke as she replied: "I knew you would say that, Lee Virginia, but all the same I don't intend to have you do any such thing. You've got to cut loose from me altogether, because some one else has got to come along one of these days, and he won't want me even as a step-mother-in-law. No; I have decided that you and me had better live apart. I'll get you a place to live up in Sulphur, where I can visit you now and again, but I guess I am elected to stay right here in the Fork. They don't like me, and I don't like them, but I have kind of got used to their ways of looking at me sidewise. They don't matter as much as it would up there in the city."

Lee turned back wistfully toward the story of her mother. "When did my mother meet my father? Do you know that?"

"No, I don't. It was a runaway match, Ed said. I never did know who her folks were, only I know they thought she was marrying the wrong man."

The girl sighed as her mind took in the significance of her mother's coming to this country, leaving all that she knew and loved behind. "Poor little mother! It must have been very hard for her."

"I am afraid she did have a hard time, for Ed admitted to me that he hadn't so much as a saddle when he landed in the state. He hadn't much when I met him first, but everybody liked him. I reckon he was the handsomest men that ever jumped a saddle. But he was close mouthed. You never could get anything out of him that he didn't want to tell, and I was never able to discover why he had been doing in the southern part of the state."

As she pondered on her changed relationship to Lize, Lee's heart lightened. She could make a difference to Ross. It would make a difference to the Redfields. Traitorous as it seemed, it was a great relief, a joy, to know that her own mother—her real mother—had been "nice." She must have been nice or Lize would not have said so," she reasoned, recalling that her stepmother had admitted her feeling of jealousy.

At last Lize rose. "Well, now, dearie, I reckon we had better turn in. It is getting chilly and late."

As they were about to part at the door of the cabin Virginia took Lize's face between her hands. "Good night, mother," she said and kissed her to show her that what she had said would not make any difference.

But Lize was not deceived. This unwonted caress made perfectly plain to her the relief which filled the girl's heart.

Lee Virginia was awakened some hours later by a roaring, crackling sound and by the flare of a yellow light upon her tent. Peering out, she saw flames shooting up through the roof of the ranger's cabin, while beside it, wrapped in a blanket, calmly contemplating it, stood Cavanagh with folded arms. A little nearer to the bridge Redfield was sitting upon an upturned box.

With a cry of alarm she aroused her mother, and Lize, heavy eyed, laggard with sleep, rose slowly and peered out at the scene with eyes of dull amazement. "Why don't they try to put it out?" she demanded as she took in the import of the passive figures.

Dressing with tremulous haste, Lee stepped from the tent just in time to see Swenson come from behind the burning building and join the others in silent contemplation of the scene. There was something uncanny in the calm inaction of the three strong men.

Slowly, accordingly, the girl drew near and called to Cavanagh, who turned quickly, crying out: "Don't come too close and don't be frightened. I set the place on fire myself. The poor old ranger died last night and is decently buried in the earth, and now we are burning the cabin and every thread it contains to prevent the spread of the plague. Hugh and Swenson have divided their garments with me, and this blanket which I wear is my only coat. All that I have is in that cabin now going up in smoke—my guns, pictures, everything."

"How could you do it?" she cried out, understanding what his sacrifice had been.

"I couldn't," he replied. "The supervisor did it. They had to go. The cabin was saturated with poison. It had become to me a plague spot, and there was no other way to stamp it out. I should never have felt safe if I had carried out even so much as a letter."

Dumb and shivering with the chill of the morning, Lee Virginia drew nearer, ever nearer. "I am so sorry," she said and yearned toward him in eager to comfort him, but he warningly motioned her away.

"Please don't come any nearer, for I dare not touch you."

"But you are not ill?" she cried out, with a note of apprehension in her voice.

He smiled in response to her question. "No. I feel nothing but weariness and a little depression. I can't help feeling somehow as if I were burning up a part of myself in that fire—the saddle I have ridden for years, my guns, romeo spurs. Every thing relating to the life I have led and with it my youth. I have been something of a careless freebooter my self. I fear that that is all over with now." He looked her in the face with a sad and resolute glance. "The forest service made a man of me, taught me to regard the future. The unexpected responsibility till I became a ranger, and in thinking it all over I have decided to stay with it, as the boys say, 'till the spring rains.'"

"I am very glad of that," she said.

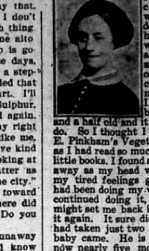
"Yes; Dalton thinks I can qualify for the position of supervisor, and Redfield may offer me the supervision of this forest. If he does I will accept it—if you will go with me and share the small home which the supervisor's pay provides. Will you go?"

In the light of his burning cabin and

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Read Mrs. Menard's Letter. Her Experience May Help

Chatham, Ontario.—"I want to tell you how much good your medicine has done me. Before my baby came I felt so weak and run-down that I could hardly do my work. My head ached continually and I was so discouraged that I could cry from morning till night. I had said to her baby just one year and a half old and it gave me a lot to do. So I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as I had read so much about it in the little books. I found a difference right away as my head was relieved and my tired feelings gone. My sister in Detroit was taking the medicine and continued doing it, as she said it might set me back if I started to do it again. It sure did help me and I had taken just two bottles when my baby came. He is a fine big boy, now nearly five months old. I am telling your medicine again and I am able to do my work all by myself now. I always recommend the Vegetable Compound to women, and especially to expectant mothers, as I believe they need help at those times."—Mrs. OLIVER MENARD, 24 Harvey St., Chatham, Ontario.



In the shadow of the great peaks Lee Virginia could not fail of a certain largeness and dignity of mood. She neither blushed nor stammered as she responded, "I will go anywhere in the world with you."

He could not touch so much as the hem of her garment, but his eyes embraced her as he said. "God bless you for the faith you seem to have in me!"

Redfield's voice interrupted with hearty clamor. "And now, Miss Virginia, you go back and rustle some breakfast for us all. Swenson, bring the horses in and harness my team. I'm going to take these women down the canyon. And, Ross, you'd better saddle up as soon as you feel rested and ride across the divide and go into camp in that little old cabin by the dam above my house. You'll have to be sequestered for a few days, I reckon, till we see how you're coming out! I'll telephone over to the Fork and have the place made ready for you, and I'll have the doctor go up there to meet you and put you straight. If you're going to be sick we'll want you where we can look after you. Isn't that so, Lee Virginia?"

"Indeed it is," replied the girl earnestly.

"But I'm not going to be sick," retorted Cavanagh. "I refuse to be sick."

"Quite right," replied Redfield, "but all the same we want you where we

"I WILL GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD WITH YOU."

can get at you and where medical aid of the right sort is accessible. I'm going to fetch my bed over here and put you into it. You need rest."

Lee still lingered after Redfield left them. "Please do as Mr. Redfield tells you," she pleaded, "for I shall be very anxious till you get safely down the mountains. If that poor old man has any relatives they ought to be told how kind you have been. You could not have been kinder to one of your own people."

These words from her had a poignancy of meaning which made his reply difficult. His tone was designedly light as he retorted: "I would be a fraud if I stood here listening to your praise without saying, without confessing, how deadly weary I got of the whole business. It was simply that there was nothing else to do. I had to go on."

Her mind still dwelt on the tragic event. It would be could have had some kind of service. It seems sort of barbarous to bury him without any one to say a prayer over him. But I suppose that was impossible. Surely some one ought to mark his grave, for some of his people may come and want to know where he lies."

He led her thoughts to pleasanter paths. "I am glad you are going with the supervisor. You are going, are you not?"

"Yes, for a few days, till I'm sure you're safe."

"I shall be tempted to pretend being sick just to keep you near me," he was saying when Redfield returned, bringing his sleeping couch. Unrolling this under a tree beside the creek, the supervisor said, "Now, get into it."

Cavanagh resigned Lee with a smile. "Good night," he said. "Oh, but it's good to remember that I shall see you tomorrow!"

With a happy glance and a low "Goodby" she turned away.

Laying aside his blanket and his shoes, Cavanagh crept into the snug little camp bed. "Ah," he breathed, with a delicious sense of relief. "I feel as if I could sleep a week!" And in an instant his eyes closed in slumber so profound that it was barren even of dreams.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark; the "Bayer Cross."

THE OLD, RELIABLE

Use Gillett's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING

Gillett's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money

WAS OPPOSED TO STATION.

Refused to Allow One Within Three Miles of Eton College.

Interesting facts about the Great Western Railway are contained in a book just published, "History of the Great Western Railway," which is based on the railway's archives.

When the Great Western Railway opened its first length of line to Maidenhead in 1838, there was an enactment in the bill preventing the construction of any station or depot within three miles of Eton College without the consent of the provost and fellows of that establishment.

The railway directors thereupon stopped their trains at Slough to pick up and set down passengers, publishing a statement that they regretted they could not provide the convenience of a station. The furious Eton authorities tried to get an injunction to prevent this, but the court refused it, and, strangely enough, the Eton protests almost immediately subsided.

While the appeal was actually in progress, the Eton authorities chartered a special train for their boys, and by the end of the year consented to the building of a station. Royal intervention in the matter is hinted in the book.

On the first run to Maidenhead, a speed of 35 miles an hour was attained, and on the return journey the speed was 33½ miles an hour, and a Bristol director after lunch distinguished himself by walking along the tops of the carriages as the train came back.

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

23-1-7

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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U. M. WILSON, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace. Phones—Office 46, Residence 125 Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

W. G. WILSON, Barrister Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc. P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 82 OFFICE—North Side Dundas St. Napanee, Ont.

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OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John 26m Street, Napanee

CONCLUSION

In her career as the wife of a western rancher Eleanor Redfield had been called upon to entertain many strange guests, and she made no very determined objection when her husband telephoned that he was bringing Lize as well as Lee Virginia to stay at Elk Lodge for a few days. The revelation of the true relation between Lize and the woman had put Lize put it under a "whole lot of difference" to Mrs. Redfield. It naturally cleared the daughter of some part of her handicap, and it had also made the mother's attitude less objectionable.

She had seen Lize but once, and that was in the distorting atmosphere of the restaurant, and she remembered her only as a lumpy, scowling, loud voiced creature with blowsy hair and a watchful eye. She was profoundly surprised, therefore, when Lee Virginia introduced a quiet spoken, rather sad faced elderly woman as her mother.

"I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Wetherford," Eleanor said, with the courtesy which was instinctive with her.

"I'm mighty obliged for the chance to come," replied Lize. "Lord Reddy —I mean the supervisor—that you didn't want no old timer like me, but he said, 'Come along,' and Lee she fixed me out, and here I am." She uttered this with a touch of her well known self deprecation, but she was by no interpretation sordid or common.

Ross had not yet arrived at the cabin, but Redfield had warned Lee not to expect him till after dark. "He probably slept late, and, besides, there are always delays on the trail. But don't worry. Swenson will ride to the top of the divide with him and if it seems necessary will come all the way."

This feeling of anxiety helped to steady Lize, and she got through the meal very well. She was unwontedly silent and a little sad as well as constrained. She could see that Lee fitted in with these surroundings, that she was at home with shining silver and dainty dishes, and she said to herself:

(Continued on page 7.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

We Have the Best Grades of RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES Always in Stock.

The Most Lasting Roof.

Robert Light

Lumber and Millwork

Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

ey. Have you thought that Gregg might have had a hand in this affair? Dunn said he had, although he was not present at any of the meetings."

This seemed to surprise the attorney very much. "But he's a sheepman!" he exclaimed.

"I know he is. But he's also a silent partner in the Triangle cattle outfit and is making a lot of trouble. And, besides, he had it in for these dagoes, as he calls them, because they were sheeping territory which he wanted himself."

"I don't think he's any too good for it," responded Simpson, "but I doubt if he had any hand in the killing. He's too cunning and too cowardly. But I'll keep in mind what you have said, and if he is involved in any degree he'll have to go down the road with the others. His money can't save him."

As they came back to the party Cavanagh thought he detected in Gregg's eyes a shifting light that was not there before, but he made no further attempt to impress his opinion upon the attorney or the sheriff. He only said: "Well, now, gentlemen, I must go on over the divide. I have an appointment with the doctor over there; also with a bed and a warmer suit of clothes than I have on. If I can be of any service to you when I am out of quarantine I hope you will call upon me."

"It is possible that we may need you in order to locate some of the men whose names you have given me."

"Very good," replied Cavanagh. "If they come upon the forest anywhere the supervisor and I will find them for you."

So they parted, and Cavanagh and his guard resumed their slow journey across the range.

CONCLUSION

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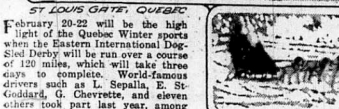
(Continued on page 7.)

Quebec Dog Derby is Big Winter Event

PADDY NOLAN AND TEAM

CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND HEIGHTS

ST LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC



GEORGE CHEVRETTE AND DOGS

February 20-22 will be the high light of the Quebec Winter sports when the Eastern International Dog Sled Derby will be run over a course of 120 miles, which will take three days to complete. World-famous drivers such as L. Sepalla, E. St-Goddard, G. Chevrette, and eleven others took part last year, among them being Paddy Nolan, the fifteen-year boy musher, who put up a sterling battle and was only defeated by bad luck. Winner gets a purse of $1,000 and custody for one year of the handsome gold cup. Last year the winner was St. Goddard.

The season lasts three months, from the end of December, and there are winter sports galore, including ski-ing, ski-joring, tobogganing, bob-sledding, skating, snow-shoeing, curling, hockey, and runs to places of interest in the city. Fancy dress balls, and outstanding events in the winter sport world are further features of the season, and all are within easy reach or even just outside the Chateau Frontenac, one of the finest hostelries in America.

Quebec is a colorful and romantic city and its quaint narrow streets are most delightful in winter when the picturesque buildings emerge from huge drifts of snow. Many of the carts and wagons are brilliant reds, yellows or blues, and houses are often equally gay. Bob-sledding on the old city walls is one of the romantic sports, and skiing over the Plains of Abraham where memorable battles were fought, is another. Then, too, the triple-track toboggan slide is one of the fastest in the world.

During the winter sports' season the Chateau Frontenac is the center of all gaiety, everything radiating from there. It is a tiny village within itself where the inhabitants are on pleasure bent, and those who seek, will find keen enjoyment in the winter sports and festivities. Quebec with its old world atmosphere, its buildings of antiquity and its leisurely ways will lure one, after a first visit, time and time again.

SNOWSHOERS GATHER AT MONTREAL

Upper left: Ice Palace erected at Lachine, on the occasion of the 1927 Carnival; upper right: The Montagnard of Lewiston, Me., first ladies' snowshoe club to join the Federation of the Canadian and American Clubs; Centre: Mr. C. H. Lalonde, President of the Snowshoers' Convention Committee of 1928. Lower left: One of the clubs to take part in the Snowshoers' Convention which will be held in Montreal; lower right: Snowshoers' parade.

The Annual Convention of Canadian and American snowshoers will be held this year in Montreal on the 3-4-5 and 6th of February. Some 2,500 members of Canadian and American Clubs will attend the Convention and take part in costume in the big parade which is a yearly feature. The city of Montreal has issued a special invitation to the snowshoe clubs and the General Committee of the Convention, presided over by C. H. Lalonde, has prepared an attractive program of receptions and sports.

"On Friday, February 3, the outside snowshoers making the journey to Montreal on snowshoes will be received officially and will be presented with special diplomas. Some of the snowshoers will have travelled over a hundred miles on foot. At night, the Queen of the Carnival will be crowned.

On Saturday morning the snowshoers from the United States and different Canadian points will arrive in special trains, the majority of them travelling over the lines of the Canadian National Railways. At the station they will form ranks and headed by their respective bands and buglers will parade to the City Hall where His Honor Mayor Martin will present them with the keys of the city.

The snowshoe races for the championship of the world, including the hurdle race will be held on the M.A.A.A. Grounds.

At night, after a "Bean Supper" the snowshoers will parade with torch lights in the streets of Montreal to Park Lafontaine where a huge fireworks display has been arranged. A ball will follow in the N.A.A.A. club house. Sunday will see the church parade to Notre Dame one of the largest churches in America, the civic banquet and the inauguration of the Carnival at Lachine, where the ice palace will be attacked by the snowshoers armed with Roman Candles and other fireworks. This picturesque display will mark the end of the Convention which will attract many tourists.

"OUTCASTS" OF JAPAN

Elimination of Prejudice Against Suiheisha Reported In Progress —Ban May Be Lifted.

Success of the first order has crowned the thwarted attempt of Takaku Kitahara to present a petition direct to the throne for better treatment of the Suiheisha, or former social outcasts of Japan, within the ranks of the army. Failure of his petition to reach the hands of the emperor has been more than counteracted by the widespread interest and sympathy of the Japanese people for the lot of the Suiheisha.

It was a dramatic manner of directing public attention to the cause of the Suiheisha. As the emperor reviewed the army upon the conclusion of the autumn manoeuvres, young Kitahara knelt in ranks and extended his bayonet, on the end of which the petition was impaled, toward his imperial majesty. There was no disrespect and the petitioner fully conscious that Kitahara entertained no disloyal motives.

Army discipline necessitated his sentence to one year's imprisonment for thus disobeying regulations, but the cause which he championed has profited enormously. The Minister of War, the Minister of Home Affairs and other officials have already declared their intentions of alleviating the lot of the Suiheisha so far as lies within their powers. Public opinion as a whole has been aroused to a sympathetic attitude, and there can be no doubt that the Suiheisha will profit by a diminution of the prejudice with which they are generally regarded.

The elimination of this prejudice, which no longer exists in the eyes of the law, is an important problem in Japan. The origin of this unfortunate class of people in Japan is debatable among historians, two theories being advanced. One is that they are descendants of prisoners of war from Korea; the other is that Shinto first, and Buddhism later, put the brand of the outcast upon all those whose business necessitated their "pollution."

Whatever their origin the outcasts have been at serious disadvantage through many generations. Segregated into particular villages, they were not counted as human beings. No Japanese would walk through such a village, and if the shadow of an outcast fell upon him he felt obligated to undergo religious purification. At the head of the group was a self-made "king" of the outcasts, responsible to the Government for the conduct of his people. During the Tokugawa Shogunate the laws against the outcasts were particularly harsh, and as a result they treasured a hatred of the Tokugawa family which its present head, Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, has done much to eradicate through his humane and democratic treatment of Suiheisha leaders.

The outcasts fell into several groups, each with its distinct duties and individual generic name. Most important of these groups were the Eta, and that term is often incorrectly used to embrace the whole of the outcast class.

Shortly after the restoration of imperial power, the Emperor Meiji made the outcasts equal in the eyes of the law with all other Japanese subjects, but in imperial decree was not sufficient to eradicate prejudice. Social discrimination continued and still exists to-day, although notable progress has been made in the combat against it.

Several years ago the outcasts organized the Suiheisha, or Water Level Society, the idea being that all Japanese were on the same level. The word "Eta" was banned, and many quarrels and brawls, some of them serious in the extreme, have since ensued because this term was hurled at members of the Suiheisha, says the Christian Science Monitor.

COLONY OF AMERICAN FARMERS

Mexican Scheme to Cost $22,000,000 —Tract of 1,500,000 Acres.

Mexico is making plans to colonize a tract of 1,500,000 acres in the Yaqui Valley with Americans, it was announced by E. H. Phreaner of Cajeme, Sonora, representative of the Mexican Government, who is in the United States in the interest of the project.

Mr. Phreaner explained that his Government has purchased the land in the State of Sonora for $17,000,000 from a Los Angeles construction company. The Government is working out plans for erecting a huge dam and furnishing water for irrigation at a cost estimated at five million dollars.

"Efforts will be made to secure a high type of American settler on the land, in the belief that this will result in rapid development of the tract and will be a benefit to Mexico in several ways." Mr. Phreaner said. "It will serve as an inducement to Mexican citizens to follow the example of those settlers and will help to introduce better farming methods in Mexico."

Cavanagh Forest Ranger

(Continued from page 6.)

"I could have been something like her if I'd had any sort of raising, but it's too late now. But, Lord, wouldn't Ed like to see her now!"

It was not yet dark when they came out on the veranda to meet the doctor, who had come to meet Rose, and Lee's anxiety led her to say, "Can't we go up to the cabin and wait for him there?"

"I was about to propose that," replied Redfield. "Shall we walk?"

Lee was instant in her desire to be off, but Lise said: "I never was much on foot, and now I'm hoof bound. You go along, and I'll sit on the porch here and watch."

So Lee, the doctor and Redfield went off together across the meadow toward the little cabin which had been built for the workmen while putting in the dam. It was hardly a mile away, and yet it stood at the mouth of a mighty gorge, out of which the water came while with speed.

But Lee had no mind for the scenery, though her eyes were lifted to the meadow's wall, down which the ranger was expected to ride. It looked frightfully steep, and whenever she thought of him descending that trail, worn and perhaps ill, her heart ached with anxiety. But Redfield rambled on comfortably, explaining the situation to the doctor, who, being a most unimaginative person, appeared to take it all as a matter of course.

At the cabin itself Lee transferred her interest to the supper which had been prepared for the ranger, and she went about the room trying to make it a little more comfortable for him. It was a bare little place, hardly more than a camp (as was proper), and she devoutly prayed that he was not to be long there, for it stood in a cold and gloomy place, close under the shadow of a great wall of rock.

As it grew dark she lighted a lamp and placed it outside the window in order that its light might catch the ranger's eye, and this indeed it did, for almost instantly a pistol shot echoed from the hillside far above signaling his approach.

"There he is!" she exclaimed in swift rebound to ecstasy. "Hear him shout!"

His voice could indeed be heard, though faintly, and so they waited while the darkness deepened and the voice of the stream rose like an exhalation, increasing in violence as the night fell.

At last they could hear the sound of his horse's feet upon the rocks, and with girlish impulse Lee raised a musical cry, an invitation as well as a joyous signal.

To this the ranger made vocal answer, and they could soon see him moving athwart the hillside, zigzagging in theller's fashion, dropping down with incredible swiftness. He was alone and leading his horse, but his celerity of movement and the tones of his voice denoted confidence and health.

The doctor laughed as he said, "I don't think a very sick man could come down a mountain like that."

"Oh, he isn't sick yet," said Redfield. "What we are afraid of is a possible development."

Lize was on the veranda when Lee and Redfield returned. "Did he get through?" she asked.

"He's all right so far," returned Redfield cheerily. "We left the doctor about to fly at him. We'll have a report soon."

They had hardly finished telling of how the ranger had descended the hill when the doctor arrived. "He hasn't a trace of it," was his report. "All he needs is sleep. I cut him off from the entire use of the range south, and there is no reason why he should not come down to breakfast with you in the morning."

Mrs. Redfield thanked the doctor as fervently as if he had conferred a personal favor upon her, and the girl echoed her grateful words.

"Oh, that's all right," the doctor replied in true western fashion. "I'll do as much more for you any time." And he rode away, leaving at least one person too happy to sleep.

The same person was on the veranda next morning when Cavanagh, dressed in the supervisor's best suit of gray cassimere, came striding across the lawn, too impatient of the winding drive to follow it. As he came, his face glowed with recovered health. Lee thought him the god of the morning and went to meet him unashamed, and he took her to his arms and kissed her quite as he had promised himself to do.

"Now I know that I am delivered," he exclaimed. And they entered the new west together.

THE END.

The Golden Dominion.

Gold has been found in every province of Canada except Prince Edward Island. The first recorded discovery was made in Quebec in 1824 on the Gilbert river, 50 miles south of Quebec city. Placer mining operations commenced here in 1847 and intermittent operations have been carried on ever since. Placer discoveries were made in Ontario, in British Columbia, and in Yukon Territory at much later dates. Lode mining for gold began at Tangier river, Nova Scotia, in 1858.

Fire Loss Only $214,000.

British Columbia's forest rangers and patrolmen report a reduction in forest fire losses of practically 50 per cent., compared with 1926. The total loss last year was about $214,000.

To Spend $5,000,000.

The Western Canada Grain Pool contemplate spending $5,000,000 during the coming year in extensions to facilities in country elevators and terminals in Western Canada.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

GAIETY IN GAITERS

GOOD STORIES FROM CLERICAL SOURCES.

Holders of Episcopal Office Show Keen Sense of Humor — The Bishop's Jests — Babes and Suckings—The Archbishop's Voice.

Archbishop Magee once stated that there were two qualifications necessary to the holder of the episcopal office, the first being to suffer fools gladly, and the second to answer letters by return of post; but he might well have added a third in the shape of a gift of humor, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

Another great clerical humorist was Bishop Stubbs of Oxford. On one occasion a churchwarden complained to him that the curate of his church wore a hood somewhat like that of an Oxford M.A., a degree he did not possess.

"The man has a lie upon his back, my lord," said the angry churchwarden.

"Don't say that, Mr. Jones," replied the bishop. "Say a falsehood."

At another time the learned prelate was walking down the street the morning after a banquet when he met a solicitor friend who had sat by him the evening before and who somewhat solicitously inquired if he got home all right.

The bishop looked slightly surprised at the question, but at once added, with an apparent gleam of comprehension, "Oh, thank you, yes; it was only my boots that were tight."

To another somewhat worrying clergyman of his diocese who once asked for leave of absence for three months in order to visit the Holy Land, he sent the following characteristic reply: "My dear Smith,—Go to Jericho. Yours ever, W. Oxon."

With all their humor, however, bishops are in the main strict disciplinarians, and do not spare the clergyman who fails in his duty.

Archbishop Magee had a great horror of what he called "weak and water-drinking" and when a sermon of this description had once been preached in his presence he bluntly told the preacher that it had "not enough guts in it to save the soul of a tom-tit."

On another occasion Bishop Blomfield had fallen foul of one of his clergy on a question of ritual. The clergyman, in defending his practices, wrote quoting the authority of St. Ambrose, to which the bishop replied in the following crushing manner: "Sir,—St. Ambrose was not the Bishop of London, and I am, Yours, etc., Wm. Lond."

In days of old it is to be feared that many of our bishops were more intent on securing the well-paid positions of life than they were in attending to their legitimate duties. A one-time Bishop of Exeter very much desired the valuable bishopric of Durham, at first unsuspecting, at last gauged the motive, and finally one day said to the messenger: "Tell your master that I am much better, but that the Bishop of Worcester has a sort throat, if that will do as well."

And in this struggle for power and place it has sometimes happened that a sermon with an appropriate text has gained for the preacher some coveted office.

An instance of this was Dr. Mountain, who, during the reign of King George II., held the bishopric of Durham. It happened that at this time the metropolitan see of York fell vacant, and the King, not knowing whom to appoint, consulted Dr. Mountain.

Shortly after this, the doctor had to preach before the King, and he took as his text:

"Had ye faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this mountain, 'be removed hence and cast into the sea.'"

He was promised the archbishopric.

To the child the gaitered dignitary is not always the imposing person that he is to us who have attained to riper years. Bishop Alexander, on one occasion, seeing a little boy trying in vain to reach up and ring a bell, kindly called for him. "Now run," yelled the boy.

On another occasion a little girl asked a well-known bishop to open a gate for her, which he at once did.

"Why did you ask me to do that?" he queried.

"Because it's just been painted," came the reply.

Bishop Short, of St. Asaph's, was once questioning some children, and in the course of his queries asked them: "Now can you tell me who I am?"

Remembering some previous instruction, they shouted with one accord, "Please, sir, you are a miserable sinner."

But sometimes it happens that even grown-ups are, through ignorance, guilty of this lack of reverence, says a writer in John o' London's Weekly. Archbishop Temple loved healthy singing, and once, when Bishop of London, passing a mission church, he entered and joined the congregation.

A hymn was being sung, and the bishop joined in with heartiness in his untutored voice, much to the indignation of a working man with musical tastes who sat next to him. At length, unable to bear the noise any longer, the workman nudged the bishop, at the same time saying: "Dry up, mister; you're spoiling the whole show."

The Rising Tide.

Public social services, including National Health and Unemployment Insurance, old age pensions, education, housing, poor law relief and public health, costs Britain nearly £1,000,000 a day. It was only £172,000 a day before the war.

Bore Deeper for Oil.

Improved methods of deep drilling below productive oil sands will disclose, in many areas, deposits of oil not hitherto available and which will be instrumental to the discovery of new fields, the Mariand committee on conservation, appointed by the American Petroleum Institute, declared in its report.

Improved methods of producing have been perfected, it added, which will make possible recovery of oil from these lower sands; the limit of deep drilling had not been reached.

DEFENDS TELEPATHY

Thinks Brain Probably Broadcasts Short Ray Like Wireless Station —Cannot Ignore Facts.

In one of his recent articles in Le Petit Journal the eminent savant Abbe Th. Moreux, director of the Observatory of Bourges, said a good word for telepathy as a scientific phenomenon. He wrote:

"Twenty years ago it was the fashion to class the phenomenon of telepathy among the products of superstitious minds. Fortunately our scientists have changed their point of view, and now they do not disdain even to occupy themselves with metaphysics. Telepathy has benefitted from this face-about, for the good reason that to-day the facts collected are too numerous to be denied.

"That there is, in spite of distance, a sort of communication between two persons, friends or relatives, and that this telepathy operates at certain critical moments of life, appears beyond doubt, and I imagine that Dr. Osty, the celebrated director of our Metapsychical Institute, must have collected numerous cases of this sort.

"How and by what mechanism can these mysterious facts be explained? By wireless telegraphy and telephony, perhaps. But before going further into the subject let us make a little incursion into the domain of psycho-physiology.

"All educated people must know that if we read, if we remember, if we undergo a strong cerebral tension something happens within us which shows in a rise of the brain's temperature—a proof that our cells are subject to intense and numerous chemical changes.

"Don't think that this means adhesion on my part to the antiquated views of the materialist and to the dictum of Cabanas: 'The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile.'

"No, a cell does not produce sensation or thought. But to feel or think we need a material body. Otherwise we would not be men but pure spirits.

"Even thought which is entirely intellectual could not be produced without images, and the spirit does not think with the brain it does it with the aid of the cerebral cells, so that thought and sensation cannot occur without a certain expenditure of energy. Although no physicist can tell us yet what energy is in the essence—not even the Relativists, who now pedantically explain everything to the simple-minded — it appears more and more certain that energy propagates itself by vibrations under circumstances which are an enigma. It is enough for us that the vibrations exist and that we can measure them. Thus are generated the Hertzian waves, which may easily attain a length of fifty kilometers.

"For some time past we have known that certain wireless stations work with short waves of 50 meters, for instance. But below that the scale continues and the physicists now produce electric waves of about two-tenths of a millimeter. We are here in the region of calorific waves. Then we reach light waves, then ultra-violet, the X-rays and the famous Millikan rays, whose waves are so small as to require 40 trillions to make a millimeter.

"The physicists think that at bottom all these various radiations are electric. So all atoms, even those of our brains, probably emit waves like those of our wireless stations, and capable of influencing appropriate receivers.

"According to our capacity we must then receive, generally without our knowledge, an infinity of radiations of all sorts, capable of affecting our cerebral cells and through them our scenes and nervous systems. Thus the sun's activity influences not only individuals, but all persons collectively, great wars, as I showed in 1910, coming principally at maximum periods of sun spots.

"Take a step further and we may admit that it is possible for two attuned brains to affect each other at a distance by a mental exchange of vibrations.

"We may even conceive that exchanges of ideas which are facilitated by like physiological dispositions, due, for example, to close relationship or life in common."

ALL-RUBBER ROOMS.

Wonderful Display of Rubber Articles at Exhibition In London.

Even when rain is most remorseless our grandmothers gay nowadays for the raincoats worn by British girls are mostly brightly colored. Many of them have a positively festive look, says Answers.

Rubber plays a big part in the production of these articles, and so greatly does it enter into manufacturing that 500,000 tons of it are consumed every year, and British capital amounting to over £100,000,000 is invested in rubber planting.

All this interesting data is to be found at the Imperial Institute in London. Here you can see not only how rubber is grown and manufactured, but also how it is used in modern life. For instance, one exhibit is a section of a house, with rubber floors, dados, and ceilings. Even upholstery in the furniture is also of rubber; rubber flowers strike a summery note in the midst of winter, and there are even hats and shoes of the same ubiquitous material lying about.

It is comforting to reflect that this great industry has been established and built up by British enterprise. It was a Britisher who first brought the seeds of the rubber tree from Brazil, and it was British foresight and enterprise that laid out the great plantations of Malaya.

Nelson's Coffin.

The Nelson sarcophagus, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which occupies the place of honor directly under the dome, was constructed for Cardinal Wolsey for his own interment.

After the fall of the great churchman it was annexed by Henry VIII., who intended being buried in it himself. For some reason, however, his intention was not carried out, and it lay unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor, until placed in its present position two 260 years later.

Nelson's body rests not within, but immediately beneath the sarcophagus, in a coffin made from part of the mainmast of the French flagship Orient, which blew up at the battle of the Nile.

DONNA MUSSOLINI

DICTATOR'S WIFE SPENDS HER TIME WITH CHILDREN.

In Caring for Them She Thinks She Has a Career as Important as Her Husband—Was a Farm Hand and Serving Maid.

Not the most curious thing about Benito Mussolini is his wife, writes J. V. McAfee, in the Toronto Mail and Empire. Since he went to Rome five years ago she has never followed him, but lives quietly in Milan, ready to receive her distinguished husband when he visits her, which is never less often than once every couple of years. This arrangement has given rise to the rumor that the Mussolinis had separated and that the union between them was merely a nominal one. Moreover, the name of the Italian dictator has been frequently coupled with those of several brilliant Italian women. There has been no open scandal of any kind, Mussolini not being the kind of man who would tolerate gossip about him; but whatever may be his wayward fancies it is said that it is to his wife he turns in moments of great perplexity or despair, which are not unknown to him. Donna Mussolini understands her extraordinary husband, and is said to remain deeply in love with him. Recently she gave birth to her fourth child as a token of their mutual love, and incidentally gave gossip one in the eye, to use an Italian phrase.

From a portrait in the New York Times Magazine, we should judge Donna Mussolini to be an exceptionally fine-looking woman. She has a charming smile, and Mussolini can have no reason to be ashamed of her appearance. It is true that she is not educated in a formal sense, having had but two years at school, but it is supposed that after their marriage she got a good deal of information from her husband. The spirit does not think with the brain it does it with the aid of the cerebral cells, so that thought and sensation cannot occur without a certain expenditure of energy. Although no physicist can tell us yet what energy is in the essence—not even the Relativists, who now pedantically explain everything to the simple-minded — it appears more and more certain that energy propagates itself by vibrations under circumstances which are an enigma. It is enough for us that the vibrations exist and that we can measure them. Thus are generated the Hertzian waves, which may easily attain a length of fifty kilometers.

"For some time past we have known that certain wireless stations work with short waves of 50 meters, for instance. But below that the scale continues and the physicists now produce electric waves of about two-tenths of a millimeter. We are here in the region of calorific waves. Then we reach light waves, then ultra-violet, the X-rays and the famous Millikan rays, whose waves are so small as to require 40 trillions to make a millimeter.

"The physicists think that at bottom all these various radiations are electric. So all atoms, even those of our brains, probably emit waves like those of our wireless stations, and capable of influencing appropriate receivers.

"According to our capacity we must then receive, generally without our knowledge, an infinity of radiations of all sorts, capable of affecting our cerebral cells and through them our scenes and nervous systems. Thus the sun's activity influences not only individuals, but all persons collectively, great wars, as I showed in 1910, coming principally at maximum periods of sun spots.

"Take a step further and we may admit that it is possible for two attuned brains to affect each other at a distance by a mental exchange of vibrations.

"We may even conceive that exchanges of ideas which are facilitated by like physiological dispositions, due, for example, to close relationship or life in common."

Donna Mussolini is a plain woman, which would perhaps be the stout widow, because Mussolini, Sr., paid little attention to the actual running of the establishment and spent most of his time drinking, arguing or playing bowls with his guests. So the widow sent for her daughter, who had been in private service for some years and she became the maid-of-all-work at this mean little Italian tavern (el dumpo). When Benito returned to his father's roof he was twenty-four and Rachele was seventeen. He remained several months, and we can imagine that he made the little inn an extremely lively place.

It is said the girl was fascinated by the oratory of the young man, which would perhaps be unfortunate surrounding countryside as he held the gathered yokelry spellbound while he advertised Socialism. No doubt he noticed the charming glances she cast upon him and observed that she was a fine, healthy-looking girl. It is to be supposed that his father also noted, the "old man" who so jovially warned the maiden to have nothing to do with the impetuous youth. He predicted that the girl who became the wife of Benito would never know peace. But advice of this kind has no better luck in Italy than elsewhere; they ran away and got married.

Later he made a great fortune in being appointed editor of the Socialist paper Avanti in Milan at a salary of $100 a month. Here they lived for ten years, with the exception of the year that he served at the front. Their life together was not without its adventure, for while in the ten-year period the husband was sent to jail for injudicious utterances. They were poor naturally, but had begun to save their pennies, and those years Donna Mussolini got to know her husband well. She came to realize that his work came first, that wife and children played in it his mood was far from conjugal. In 1922 he had become recognized as the strongest man in Italy and the march to Rome was organized. Then his home was in Rome, while here remained in Milan. She spends her time with her children, and with the help of one or two British enterprises it was a Britisher who first brought the seeds of the rubber tree from Brazil, and it was British foresight and enterprise that laid out the great plantations of Malaya.

Nelson's Coffin.

The Nelson sarcophagus, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which occupies the place of honor directly under the dome, was constructed for Cardinal Wolsey for his own interment.

After the fall of the great churchman it was annexed by Henry VIII., who intended being buried in it himself. For some reason, however, his intention was not carried out, and it lay unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor, until placed in its present position two 260 years later.

Nelson's body rests not within, but immediately beneath the sarcophagus, in a coffin made from part of the mainmast of the French flagship Orient, which blew up at the battle of the Nile.

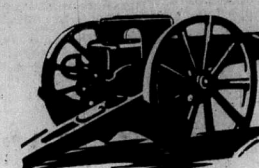
Advertise Canada.

The Ontario Associated Boards of Trade are asking that the Dominion Government consider a plan to spend $5,000,000 in the next three years, apart from grants now being made, to advertise the Dominion and obtain new investments of capital.

Buying Our Own Bonds.

Canada is now the largest purchaser of her own bond issues. The Dominion's bond purchases now run to $297,156,116, as compared with the United States redemption of $294,554,547, and Great Britain's purchase of $10,698,667.

C.D.S.L. MILLION DOLLAR STOCK REDUCTION SALE LAYS DOWN



A BARRAGE of BARGAINS

In Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel for the Remaining Business Days of the Month.

No lines can be duplicated at sale prices. You'll need to act promptly. Reductions range as high as Fifty Per Cent. in many cases.

ALL OUR FUR-TRIMMED WINTER COATS

Staple and Exclusive Models and Fabrics

To be Cleared at HALF PRICE

Sale Prices range from **$9.75 TO $67.50**

25 of Our Most Charming Dresses Reduced 25 per cent.

Each and every dress in this group is a fashion plate, introducing the most authentic features of the present Winter season for daytime wear. The materials that fashion them are equally as captivating.

In shades—Storm King Blue, Malaga, Wine, Golden Chestnut, Autumn Leaf, Athenia, Black.

Reduced prices range from **$10.00 TO $48.75**

ATTRACTIVE STYLES and POPULAR COLORS —in— EVENING AND DAYTIME DRESSES

Sale Prices range from **$9.48 TO $23.75**

18 Silken Afternoon Dresses To Clear at $18.95 each

You cannot do better even if you searched the country over. Dresses are the types for putting on every winter afternoon—they'll wear and wear.

Several two-piece sport dresses are to be had at this price as well.

Choose from Satin Crepe, Flat Crepe, Georgette, Striped Silk, Silk and Wool.

Excellent range of colors.

14 ONLY SPRING WEIGHT TAILORED SUITS

Navy Blue and Black Poiret, Tricotine, Charmeen. Medium and Large Size

REDUCED TO HALF PRICE

Sale Prices range from **$8.75 TO $14.75**

SAVE 33 1-3 PER CENT ON SEPARATE SKIRTS

Skirts are made from excellent all wool materials that will give lasting service. Styles feature side-knife and box pleated effects. Shades of Navy Blue and Black.

Regular prices range from $5.00 to $10.00.

Reduced prices range from $3.34 to $6.67.

SAVE 20 PER CENT ON FOUNDATION GARMENTS

Nothing held back—at this splendid reduction we permit you to choose your favorite style from our present stock of corsets, corsettes and combinations. Styles created and executed by Gossard, Kops Bros., D. & A., Canada's foremost corsetieres.

SAVE ON SILK AND COTTON OVERBLOUSES

Original $5.00 to $7.50 values for $1.95.

Original $3.50 to $5.00 values for $1.00.

BRIEF BROADCAST OF THE BIG BARGAINS IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WEARING APPAREL

Cotton Night Gowns, reg. values to $2.25, Sale Price ..... **$1.19 each**

Children's Cotton Whitewear..... **Less than Half Price**

Women's Brushed Wool Sweaters, reg. values to $3.29, Sale Price..... **$2.29 each**

N. C. I. Emblems in Blue, Yellow, Blue colorings ..... **5c. each**

Girls' Rubberized Cambric Slickers, Sale Price..**$2.29 ea.**

Rayon Silk Bloomers, "Knickernick Brand" Sale Price ..... **$1.79 pair**

Infant's Wool Carriage Covers, reg .price $1.39 Sale Price ..... **99c. each**

Girls' Flannelette Pyjamas, white and colored Sale Price ..... **$1.09 pair**

Ladies' Flannelette Pyjamas, white and colored Sale Price ..... **$2.09 pair**

School Girls' Flannel Dresses, colored, Sale Price ..... **$2.29 each**

Small Tots' Percale and Gingham Dresses, Sale Price ..... **$1.00 each**

Children's Wool Pullovers and Snow Suits..... **Drastically reduced**

SAVE 33 1-3 PER CENT ON KIMONOS

And at this worthwhile saving you can choose the weights, styles and colors that pleases you most. Several perfectly charming Kimonos are left. Choose yours early.

Reduced prices range from $2.65 to $10.00 each.

SCOTCH SILK SLICKERS REDUCED TO $6.95 FROM $10.95

You save exactly $4.00 per coat—worth getting real excited about if you need a slicker. Silk for these garments was imported from Scotland. Styles favor raglan sleeves, convertible collars, belts. In shades of Red and Brown.

SAVE ON GIRLS' SCHOOL SWEATERS—THESE AT $1.89 WERE $2.19 TO $3.75

The majority of garments are in coat styles, exhibiting shawl collars, belts and pockets. Come woven from a heavy worsted yarn that gives excellent wear.

In shades of Camel and Red.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. W. Drake spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. G. P. Carr spent last week with friends in Toronto.

Mr. R. C. Root is spending a few days in Toronto on business.

Mr. W. V. Webster was in Peterborough a few days last week.

Mrs. Wilfet Vanalstine is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. R. Laidley, Kingston.

Mr. Wm. Howitt and son, George, were in Toronto a few days last week.

Miss Helen Herrington spent last week the guest of Mrs. Alfred Fair, Kingston.

Mrs. Fearnley, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Bristol, has returned to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Charters are here from Western Canada to visit his mother and brother at Sillsville.

Mrs. Alonzo Wagar, Enterprise spent a few days last week the guest of Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, Thomas street.

Mr. Wm. Norris is visiting his son in Trenton for a couple of weeks, after which he will go to Calgary, Alta., to reside.

Dr. Ming, M.L.A., left for Ottawa on Sunday night to attend a convention of the Ontario Veterinary Society. While in the city he was the guest of his son, Mr. Louis Ming.

Mr. Robt. Galbraith and son, Percy, of Yarker, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Huffman Monday.

The many friends of Mr. John Wilson will be pleased to learn that he is improving nicely, after his recent serious illness with pneumonia.

Geo. B. Curran, formerly District Representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and Editor of the Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, has recently been appointed as Editor of the General Merchant of Canada, the only paper published in Canada devoted to the interests of rural merchants. Both magazines are published by the MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd. of Toronto, and Mr. Curran will continue to act as Editor of both papers.

DEATHS

Aylsworth—At Richmond, on Tuesday, Jan. 17th, 1928, John Sidney Aylsworth, aged 81 years, 7 months.

Barrager—At Napanee, on Saturday, January 21st, 1928, Mary Elizabeth Barrager, aged 68 years 9 months.

Bowen—At Richmond, on Tuesday, January 24th, 1928, Elizabeth Bowen, aged 77 years, 9 months.

Boyce—At Colebrook, on Tuesday, January 24th, 1928, Mrs. Emily Boyce, aged 85 years.

The County Council is in session today, beginning at 2 p.m.

The regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Library Tuesday, Jan. 31st, at three o'clock.

Napanee Hockey Team won the first game of the season played at the Napanee arena on Friday evening, defeating the Granites, of Kingston, by a score of 8 to 7.

The Sel-Rite Co., of which Mr. Sinclair is manager, have leased the store in the Oddfellows' Temple, formerly occupied by the Hewson Drug Store, and will again open for business about February 4th.

The annual Mother and Daughter Banquet, under the auspices of the Women's Institute, will be held on Jan. 27th, in the Masonic Hall at 6.30. Lady Foster, of Ottawa, will be the speaker of the evening. Tickets may be secured by members from Miss Allingham, President, and the Secretary.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also," Hab. 2-15; "He came unto His own and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name," John 1: 11, 12; "He (John) said, 'I am the voce of one crying in the wilderness' make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias," John 1: 23; "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1: 29; "And I (John) knew Him not; but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, "Upon whom thou shalt see the spirit descending and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." John 1: 33, 34.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Sales of War Stocks.

A sum which exceeds £680,000,000 has been realized by the sale of British war stocks since the Surplus Stores and Liquidation Department first started its sales in 1919. Of all the thousand and one varieties of goods, airplanes were the most difficult to dispose of.

Strange goods sold varied from townships to stocks of safety pins; from miles of railway lines scattered over France, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, to a "lot" consisting of 800,000 barrels of pickled herrings. The biggest individual sale was that of the great lorry depot at Slough, which went for £7,000,000.

Seals Are Favored.

Where seals are plentiful the Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic are not greatly concerned about walrus, white whale, or narwhal. Owing to their great size, however, the latter animals can be made to supply large quantities of meat for winter use, while the skins of the white whale and the narwhal are considered a delicacy and often form the "piece de resistance" in Eskimo hospitality.

A Woman's Sacrifice.

Three years ago a startling tale came to light concerning a prominent business man in Austria. He found himself on the brink of ruin, and his wife came to his rescue at the cost of her own life. Leaving an overheated room one night, she walked up and down a stone flagged passage, barefoot and with nothing on but a nightdress, till she caught a chill which she aggravated by a series of reckless acts. Inflammation of the lungs set in and she died shortly afterward. Her husband obtained the large sum of money for which her life was insured, and with this he was able to pull through the crisis successfully. He married for a second time within three months of his first wife's death. This husband did not get off scot free, however. A servant in his employ had overheard the conversation in which the heroic young wife had told her husband her intention to die for his sake. The servant informed the police. Then the insurance companies contended it was a case of suicide and sued successfully for the return of the money. The husband was prosecuted for being an accessory to his wife's death and received the punishment he well merited.

The Watchman's Blunderbuss.

In Kensington Public Library, preserved in a glass case, is an ancient flintlock blunderbuss, reminiscent of the days when this part of London was a favorite resort of highwaymen and bad characters. The weapon belonged to that Lord Holland who gave his name to Holland House, and was used by a watchman who patrolled the grounds after dark. One night, however, he forgot to load it, and, being attacked and unable to defend himself, he was murdered. Thenceforth it was ordered that his successors should fire off the gun and reload it every night at 11 o'clock. Old residents in the "Royal Borough" can still recall the bang of that blunderbuss, for the custom was not discontinued until 1874.

Canada Has Fifty-Seven.

Of the total radio broadcasting stations in the world amounting to 1,116, Canada has 57, taking second place to the United States which has 616, according to the United States Department of Commerce. Following come: Cuba, 47; Russia, 38; Sweden, 30; Australia and Germany, each, 34; Argentina, 22; United Kingdom 20, and France and Spain each 18.

SICKLY BOY, 7, GAINS 15 LBS.—FATHER HAPPY

"My boy, 7, would not eat. I gave him Vinol and the way he eats and plays now makes me happy. He gained 15 pounds."—J. F. Andres.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Here and There

Evidence of reconstruction work in Yokohama is seen through the fact that a five storeyed steel and reinforced concrete hotel was officially opened recently. The building, known as the Hotel New Grand, is of fireproof and earthquake-proof construction and is modelled after the style of the best Canadian hotels.

Toronto.—The Province of Ontario is at the close of the greatest gold producing year in its history, according to officials of the Department of Mines, who forecast an increase in gold production this year of $2,000,000 as compared with last year's output. In addition, the total mineral production is expected to be more than $91,000,000—a gain of $6,000,000 over 1926.

Halifax.—Boys' and Girls' Swine Clubs are now well established here. Calf Feeding Clubs are also on the increase and it is expected that in 1928 the latter will attain the same number in the province as the former. Egg marketing circles are also being organized and much good work is already reported. These should prove a valuable aid to the poultry industry.

Preparations for the Banff Winter Carnival, to be held February 4-11, are well under way. Canadian mushers are training and intend to make a strong effort to bring back to Canada the "Beaverheart Trophy" which was carried to the United States by Warren Cordingly, of Ashton, Idaho. It is anticipated that there will be several teams from the United States competing again this year.

Saint John.—An epoch in the transportation of cargo between Canada and the United Kingdom was feted here recently when W. R. MacInnes, vice-president in charge of traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway; W. A. Wainwright, assistant to the chairman, with other officials of the railway, inspected the C. P. fast cargo liner "Beaverburn," which recently docked here, completing her maiden voyage.

According to a report covering the activities of the past year of the Canada Colonization Association, a subsidiary of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 626 families, consisting of 3,443 persons, were settled on 162,982 acres of land by the association. The value of these transactions is in excess of $6,000,000. Nearly 300,000 acres of land are ready for settlement and prospects for the current year are very bright.

Vancouver.—In an address before the Board of Trade upon the services rendered the Dominion by the late Sir William Van Horne, founder of the city of Vancouver and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, C. A. Cotterell, general superintendent of the railway's British Columbia district, said: "The Canadian Pacific Railway is the largest taxpayer and the largest purchaser in the province; it spent last year $20,750,000 in stores and supplies, taxes, wages, etc.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Who can say that the world is not getting more neighborly at any rate, even if the headlines of the papers grow lurid, when, the Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter of the I.O.D.E., in Montreal has sent a victrola and a number of good records to the one hundred and forty British residents of a tiny island in the southern seas, half way between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope? Surely that was a neighborly act, even if thousands of miles lie between the neighbors. We are apt to forget sometimes that the Biblical defination of neighborliness does not of necessity mean kindly acts to those of our own community. The "Good Samaritan," whose name has come down to us across the centuries did not live near the man he succored and yet he is declared to have been his neighbor. It was through an appeal in the press that the I.O.D.E. got the victrola for their British "neighbors" in Tristan da Cumba, and as well as the gift of the instrument records were supplied by other neighborly people and the Tristanites will be able to enjoy good music and possibly a little jazz, just because someone took the trouble to make a little effort on the part of people of their own race living in this out of the way corner of the world.

Following up our idea of getting ready for the tourists we would suggest that the Women's Institutes consider the placing of depots on the highway where the articles made by rural women may be sold. This has been done and if a tea room run on a reasonable scale were attached, so much the better. There are some lovely old farmhouses along the highways and some of them are only partly in use. A room in one of them with perhaps a few prettily arranged tables on the lawn, would attract tourists to tea and then they could see what was on sale. But whatever is to be displayed for sale must be the best of its kind, or Eastern Ontario will not make a name that will lure buyers as Nova Scotia and Quebec have done.

Rev. J. J. McGuire, a young Canadian priest of the Roman Catholic Church, well known in Eastern Ontario and now taking a special course of study at St. Patrick's Monastery in Quebec, has written a book in which he sets forth in vivid language his belief that Jesus Christ was God and Man. That the Babe of Bethlehem was the Messiah foretold by the prophets; that He is the personal God needed by every man to lead him in the way of salvation is quite clearly Father McGuire's firm belief and he declares that any man who will sit down and face the facts as set forth in the Bible and in history and then plumb the depth of his soul's need, will find the answer in Christ. That many teachers confuse rather than help, is the belief of this young writer and one he will find many others to sympathize with him in.

A description of a day at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre is most interesting, for Father McGuire is a firm believer in miracles. The book is called "Oat-Cakes and Sulphur," signifying simple food and cleansing, and the black cover with gold lettering, has been given a scarlet and black paper jacket with red flames that look as if they might have come from the nethermost hell. The Quebec Chronicle Telegraph gave the book a good editorial comment and the Montreal Star had a review of it on its literary page.

And so the girls can have a girlish figure once more and are to wear longer skirts and long hair. So says Paris, and what Paris says, we in due course say too, but most of us have to wear out our frocks before we can follow the fashion, unless we are clever enough to alter the ones we have. Bouffant skirts and the long period dresses have had a great vogue lately. The tight waist and the full skirt is only becoming to the girl who is not too slim and yet slim enough. But the trouble is that some girls think they are fat enough or thin enough when an artist in dress would not agree with them and the result is lamentable. However, it is well to know what to wear next summer for the sales are on now and girls with clever fingers can make all sorts of pretty combinations from the remnant counter's contents.

"Nonsense, I don't believe in ghosts," says Mrs. 20th Century. And yet for a week or more, the big dailies had flaring headlines on their front pages and sent their smartest reporters to a farm house near Campbellford, Ontario, to see and hear the "ghost" that is said to be very much in possession. Just what has happened and why it happened, is still wrapped in mystery and even if some explanation is found there will remain people who will firmly believe that the manifestations were from the spirit world. In England too, this week a ghost has appeared, really a useful one, who throws copper coins and coal about recklessly, but it unfortunately hits the occupants of the house here and there with as much force as if they can catch the valuable missiles. It is all very well to say we don't believe in ghosts, but wherever you go you will find the learned or the unlearned, you cannot begin to talk of supernatural appearances without almost anyone in a party telling a story of their experiences or those of a friend in whom they have confidence. If you have never tried it, do so, and you will find it will work out as we have said.

We used to think of prunes as a valuable, but rather unpalatable food, but now clever housekeepers and the improved process by which the fruit is dried, have made them when properly cooked, into "a dainty dish to set before a King." Here is a recipe for prune pudding that cannot fail to tempt the appetite of the family. Cook prunes slowly after soaking them in cold water. Mince the fruit, break some of the stones and add the chopped kernels. Soak ½ package of gelatine in ½ a cup of cold water and add a cup of the hot juice of the prunes, strained, also a cup of sugar and half a cup of orange and lemon juice. Cool and add 1 pint of whipped cream. Put into a mold and set on ice. If you have not the cream, whip the whites of two eggs stiff and beat into the fruit and gelatine.

ROD AND GUN.

Covering a wide field of outdoor activities, the February issue of Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News, just published, is an exceptionally interesting number. Bonnycastle Dale, well known writer for the magazine, this month contributes an unusually interesting story on hunting brant on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. An enlightening discussion of the Rainy Lake damming proposals is concluded by Arthur Hawkes.

Among other stories and regular departmental features are some splendid hunting and fishing articles as well as informative material on bird life, guns and ammunition, trapping and dogs. Samuel Alexander White's fine series of fiction on the old fur trading days in the North West, is concluded with another thrilling complete story. Another interesting article is one by Robert James, descriptive of the island of Anticosti at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaton's.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, *The Great English Preparation*, Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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